

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST NET SALE.

No. 767.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

THE STREETS OF NAPLES BURIED IN DUST AND ASHES FROM VESUVIUS.



As the result of the great eruption of Vesuvius the streets of Naples have become a veritable Sahara. Everywhere the dust and sand and lava lie feet deep in the streets. The top picture shows the clouds of dust and lava kicked up by the horses as they

pass along the main thoroughfare. In the lower picture men are engaged in cleaning up the streets whilst the passers-by carry umbrellas to ward off the ashes and dust which still fall from Vesuvius.—(Specially taken by *Daily Mirror* staff photographer.)

A ROYAL RESTORATIVE

COLEMAN'S

CROWNED WITH SUCCESS

"WINCARNIS"

JUST THE THING FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE.

FOR NERVOUS MEN.

Nervous Debility or Exhaustion is becoming alarmingly prevalent in business men.

The burden of competition presses heavily upon the nervous system.

The result of this extreme activity is exhaustion and extreme irritability.

In health we are unaware of the work of the nerves: they govern our well-being.

The wheels of life move without noise and but few people ever realise it.

The cavities of the heart are contracting steadily and alternately under the guidance of nerve cells.

By this means the stream of blood laden with nourishment is sent to every part of the body and brain.

The business man who is practising cruelty in overworking his brain finds his work a toil rather than a delight.

Business needs a clear head, strong nerves, acute perception, and plenty of energy, if success is to be gained.

Society, science, art, literature, and commerce are all pervaded with a competitive zeal which is killing.

Overwork means an overwhelming strain, unless supported by the great nerve-nutrient "Wincarnis."

"Wincarnis" restores the balance of nerve-control, relieves brain fog, and enables the worker to work on.

"Wincarnis" makes work a pleasure, sleep delightfully refreshing, and life itself agreeable and satisfactory.

"Wincarnis" if taken simply as a delicious beverage will save you from nervous prostration and collapse.

"Wincarnis" is favoured with the approval and commendation of the medical profession, the highest possible compliment to merit attainable.



EVERY DROP OF 'WINCARNIS'
RAISES
THE TIDE OF LIFE.

FOR ANÆMIC WOMEN

A patient once said to her physician, "Doctor, I believe there is something wrong with my stomach."

"Not a bit of it," replied the doctor. "God made your stomach, and he knows how to make stomachs."

"There may be something wrong with the stuff you put into it, or something wrong with the way you stuff it in and cram it down, but your stomach is all right."

Thousands of anæmic women owe their poverty of blood to the unsuitable diet they are accustomed to.

Nothing is more common in great cities than pale faces—indisputable evidence of the disability of sedentary employment.

To those who work early and late, diet is everything: the cup of tea and the penny bun contribute nothing to the blood.

The girl whose face is pale and covered with pimples should learn this lesson quickly, "Study your diet."

That diet is all important where the preservation of beauty is concerned. Diet means nutrition, and nutrition means good blood and plenty of it.

The best diet for the blood is "Wincarnis," which is absorbed by the blood vessels direct from the stomach without the slightest strain on the digestion.

"Wincarnis" is often a complete and perfect, and, what is better, a lasting beauty treatment in itself.

"Wincarnis" makes blood, new blood; makes muscle and feeds the tissues and nerves, and gives a fresh, healthy, rosy colour to the cheeks.

"Wincarnis" takes away the tired feeling, relieves nervous depression and, if persevered with, will make you bright and vivacious, full of animation and able to dispense cheerfulness and contentment wherever your lot may be cast in life.

We Desire You To Test a Sample Bottle.

OVER 8,000 MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS.

Oct. 12, 1905.

"Dear Sir,—I found 'Wincarnis' aided my patient considerably in promoting and accelerating convalescence after a somewhat severe attack of Acute Bronchitis. She continued it until within the last week or two with very good results, strength being regained in a gratifying manner.—
Yours, faithfully,
"A. S. D. —, M.R.C.S."

"WINCARNIS" WITH QUININE.

This preparation, which is very Bitter, has a large sale, and must not be confounded with "Wincarnis" without Quinine. "Wincarnis" with Quinine can be obtained of most Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors and Stores, but "Wincarnis" without Quinine is sold only by Licensed Grocers, Licensed Chemists, and Wine Merchants. If you want "Wincarnis" without Quinine do not be persuaded to take the "Wincarnis" with Quinine. Should any difficulty arise in obtaining it, kindly write for address of the nearest agents to the Proprietors.

SIGN THIS COUPON

To obtain "WINCARNIS" FREE OF CHARGE.

(Send to Coleman & Co., Ltd., "Wincarnis" Works, Norwich.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," April 17, 1906.

NOTE.—Any applicant is entitled to one Free Sample Bottle of "Wincarnis" provided three penny stamps are sent in with this Coupon. The stamps pay the cost of postage, but no charge whatever is made for the bottle of Wine. Address to Coleman and Co., Ltd., "Wincarnis" Works, Norwich, marking the envelope "Coupon."

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Jabez Balfour's First Impressions of Freedom—Remarkable Contribution to TO-MORROW'S "Daily Mail."

CHURCH AND THE EDUCATION BILL.

Bishop of London Sketches His Plan of Campaign.

"SIMPLY INTOLERABLE."

Mass Meeting of Protest To Be Called at the Albert Hall.

The Bishop of London yesterday issued his plan of campaign against the Education Bill in the form of a letter to the rural deans in his diocese. He proposes to hold a mass meeting in the Albert Hall on Friday, May 11, to give a "united and forcible expression of the mind of the Church people of London."

This must be followed up by other meetings throughout London, and thus, says the Bishop, "with God's help if we work together we may prevent the confiscation of all for which we have spent, toiled, and fought in the cause of education during the last hundred years."

INJUSTICE TO THE CHURCH

In the course of his long and able letter, Dr. Ingram says:—

You will have been as much astounded as I have been myself by the Bill, and none I find more grievously pained and disappointed than Churchmen who voted for the Liberals at the last election. (1.) Churchmen have not only spent thousands of pounds upon their school buildings, but have placed most of them under strictly educational trusts. Even if the owners of the property are unwilling to transfer it to the local authority, they may be compelled to do so by a commission of three, on any terms that the commission thinks just, and without any sort of appeal against its decisions. The commission is set above the Board of Education and the Courts of Justice.

To take a concrete instance—an entirely new school which we built out of our own pockets for £8,000 in Bethnal Green a few years ago, and which has been full ever since, might be compulsorily transferred to the County Council at a merely nominal rent, without appeal and without redress. So again, since 1902 £12,108 has been spent on thirteen schools alone in this diocese; these might also be similarly transferred.

(2.) Even if a fair market rent was paid, the object for which the schools were built is entirely set at naught. We did not spend £40,000,000 on building and maintaining our schools in order to get rent, but in order to educate our children in the Christian faith, according to the tenets of the Church. Unless in some real and effective way this object is secured as part of the bargain, we have no right to dispose lightly of our trust property for any monetary payment or relief. What provision is made in the Bill for the object which we are thus bound to guard?

MEAGRE AND UNSATISFACTORY.

(3.) The only possible answer is that the provision offered is meagre and unsatisfactory.

In our own schools, when transferred, religious instruction of the kind which they were built to provide is to be permitted on only two mornings of the week. On the other mornings religious instruction of the kind which they were built to avoid is to be introduced.

But, worse, the present teachers in the denominational schools are to be silenced. Teachers who have taught the Catechism for thirty years are to be allowed to teach it no longer, even if we offer to pay them specially for it. They will be expected and paid to give the religious teaching of which the Nonconformists approve.

Let no one be deceived by the permission in each school—if the local authority thinks fit—of simple Bible-teaching.

No one honours more highly than I do the central truths common to all orthodox Christian bodies. "I bow my head," as Mr. Gladstone said, "before the mighty truths held in common by orthodox Christian bodies, e.g., the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the doctrine of the Holy Trinity."

But already we are told by one prominent speaker in the debate that this simple Bible teaching must not exclude the religion of good Unitarians "such as Channing and the saintly Martineau," and it is described by a Nonconformist leader as an "ethical treatment of the Bible."

To have this merely ethical treatment of the Bible—this indefinite teaching given by untested teachers—forced upon the schools which we have built, some of us by years of work and self-sacrifice, is simply intolerable.

I hope and believe that among, and even outside, the ranks of Churchmen many Liberals will deplore the fact that a singularly strong Liberal Government should have introduced a Bill which violates some of the first principles of religious equality.

JAY GOULD'S GRAND-SON IN ENGLAND.

Heir to Many Millions Crosses the Atlantic to Play Tennis.

FUTURE RAILROAD KING.

Among our earliest American visitors this year is young Mr. Jay Gould, son and heir of George Jay Gould, and grandson of the famous Mr. Jay Gould, the "Railroad King."

Young Mr. Gould, who is travelling with a friend, came over on the Kronprinz Wilhelm, and arrived at Paddington on the special mail train from Plymouth at half-past four yesterday afternoon.

A slim, dark young man, of medium height, with a slightly aquiline nose and brown eyes, and dressed in a light tweed check suit, with a long dark overcoat. That was Mr. Jay Gould, jun., as he walked the platform at Paddington yesterday.

He denied by the *Daily Mirror* as he waited for an enigmatic friend who was looking after the baggage, he talked quietly, but with some reserve, for he is rather taciturn and thinks more than he says—about himself and his trip.

"This is only a pleasure trip," he said simply. "I haven't any particular plans."

He denied with a laugh the rumour that he had come over to play cricket.

"Why, I can't play cricket," he said, "and I'm not going to learn it—not this time, anyway."

BASEBALL BETTER THAN CRICKET.

"At home," he added, "I play baseball. It's a much better game than cricket—a heap more exciting."

"I'm going to play tennis pretty near all the time," he went on, "and I shall be playing in the covered courts championship at Queen's. I like tennis very much—it's great."

The *Daily Mirror* expressed a hope that he would do great things at Queen's.

"Well," he said slowly, with a slight smile, "I hope so. But I've just come over to improve my game, and study the style of play over here."

Mr. Gould has no idea of having a good time generally while he is in London. Tennis is his chief aim.

"I'm just going to play tennis," he observed, "and then I shall go back to the States."

"I'm only over for three weeks, and I go back on May 9. This is the first time I've been over here alone, though I've been over several times since I was about fourteen. Last summer I came over with my father."

"Like England?" The young American laughed. "Why, certainly. I always have liked it; liked it first time—on sight!"

Mr. Gould, who is just seventeen, is going up to Columbia University soon after he gets back to the States, and after his college course, he will enter the railroad business.

"I shall go through a four years' course in the railroad business," he said, and his eyes lit up with enthusiasm, for he is very keen on following in his father's footsteps, and being, like him, a power in the railroad world.

KING ALFONSO'S ENGLISH VISIT.

Will Arrive in This Country with Magnificent Presents for His Future Bride.

BIARRITZ, Monday.—King Alfonso, accompanied by Colonel Grove, the Marquis Viana, and the Duke of Mina, passed through Biarritz, on his way to England, shortly before noon, in the *Sud* express.

His Majesty, before leaving Madrid, conveyed an intimation to the Press that during his stay at Cowes he would maintain strict incognito, and would refuse any information regarding his journey, his visit being of an absolutely private nature.

The King will be away for about three weeks, and is the bearer of magnificent presents to his fiancée.—Reuter.

The public celebrations at Madrid in connection with the royal marriage will last from May 28 to June 3.

TWO INDIAN FRONTIER RAIDS.

SIMLA, Monday.—Two raids recently occurred on the Peshawar border, resulting in the loss of £1,000 and the death of four natives and injury to one policeman.

A detachment of military police pursued the raiders without success.—Reuter.

Mr. Michael Davitt is stated to be lying at his house at Dalkey, near Dublin, seriously ill from blood-poisoning.

WHERE IS M. GORKY?

Novelist Quietly Disappears from Inhospitable New York City.

No one outside the circle of intimate friends knows where Maxime Gorky is. What is more, those in New York, who, two days ago, were preparing to lionise the great novelist and revolutionist as few have ever been, even there, say they do not care where he is.

He and the handsome Russian actress, Mdlle. Andrievna, who passed as Mme. Gorky, have, at any rate, left the furnished flat in which they obtained refuge after being driven amid the cheers of the guests from the fashionable Belleclaire Hotel and refused admission to the Brevoort-Lafayette.

In all probability the novelist's movements in the immediate future have not yet been decided upon, the change in the attitude of the Americans to their visitors having been as sudden as it was disappointing.

It was on Saturday that the perfervid admirers of the Russian revolutionist learned that although he had shared in his triumphs and sufferings for several years his companion was not his wife.

Gorky himself made no effort at concealment, as his countrymen know well that he supports his wife and his children, and that the difficulties of obtaining a divorce are very great. He declared, when questioned, that Mlle. Andrievna was his wife before God.

But the guests, when they had recovered from the stupefaction caused by the discovery, marched in a body to the hotel-keeper, who, in response to their demands, assured them that the presence of two foreigners passing as man and wife, although not married, should cease.

Mr. Gaylord Wislizen, the proprietor of the lively Socialist magazine which bears his name, interceded on behalf of M. Gorky, but in vain. With the derisive cheers of the once-admiring guests in their ears, the harassed couple left the hotel.

There is even a possibility that the couple may be deported for violation of the immigration laws by making a false declaration and entry. But such an action would be generally deprecated.

END OF THE WORLD.

Portside "King Solomon's" Gloomy Prophecy for Easter Monday Not Fulfilled by Events.

Fully 150,000 people enjoyed themselves heedlessly at Brighton yesterday in utter indifference to the prophecy of "King Solomon," of the neighbouring town of Portside, that the world was to come to an end on Easter Monday.

Their indifference was justified, for nothing happened.

Seen by the *Daily Mirror*, the venerable "prophet" declared that he had never said the world was to come to an end yesterday. "But," he added, "it may happen at any moment. This is the starting-point of the movement."

MOROCCO HESITATES.

Sultan Unwilling to Accept Algiers Agreement, and Places Obstacles in the Way of France.

It is reported, says the Exchange Telegraph Company, that the Sultan of Morocco will not accept several clauses of the Algiers agreement. It is believed, however, that they can be modified in a way acceptable to all concerned.

Meanwhile, famine is increasing in Fez, and bodies of Moors who have died of starvation are found daily in the streets.

Every obstacle is being placed in the way of French enterprise, complain the Puritan papers, and a French expedition is detained on the Algerian frontier, not being allowed to cross the Kiss River.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

On inquiry last night at Dover it was stated that Lady Campbell-Bannerman was considerably better, and her medical attendant had returned to London.

Passengers who have arrived at Antwerp by the Congo mail-boat assert that the Rev. E. Stannard, the British missionary, has not been arrested, as reported, and that he is at liberty at Boma.

A Lisbon telegram states that the warships Dom Carlos, Vasco da Gama, Tago, Adamastor, and Africa are still anchored at the mouth of the Tagus, and there was yesterday no disturbance on board.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Variable to south-westerly breezes; fine at first; cloudy later, with rain by afternoon or evening; mild. Lighting-up time, 7.56 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth in the east and moderate in the south and west.

IN THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

Experiences of the "Daily Mirror" Photographer in Naples.

NOTHING BUT DUST.

(FROM THE "DAILY MIRROR" STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER.)

NAPLES, Friday.—Perhaps a few lines as to my personal experiences may give you a more vivid idea of what Vesuvius in eruption means than the telegraphed dispatches of correspondents.

I have had, as *Daily Mirror* photographer, many singular and some unpleasant experiences in all parts of the world, but this is by far the most uncomfortable. Even the death-stricken place of Leno, in the heart of France's Black Country, was a cheerful sight compared with the scene round Naples.

Imagine to yourself a fine, choking dust—as fine as the finest emery and the colour of chocolate. In Naples itself, when I arrived a few days ago, it was at least six inches deep. On this you walked with muffled, noiseless footsteps. For all the sound of traffic you heard in the streets Naples might have been inhabited by half a million ghosts. Every footfall raised a little cloud of dust that mingled with the chocolate powder constantly falling from the inky sky.

TOO DARK FOR SNAPSHOTS.

I came here to take photographs, but that was physically impossible for a day or two. It was so dark that no picture would have appeared on the plate; one might just as well have attempted to take snapshots at midnight or in the thickest fog ever known in London.

At last, however, it got a little clearer, and I drove out to the stricken village near the base of Vesuvius. It was not easy to do this. One driver after another refused to take me, but after a lot of trouble one man was persuaded to undertake the journey with two horses and a friend to keep his courage up. As we got nearer the mountain the layer of chocolate powder grew deeper and deeper.

Now and then would come a puff of wind, which blew the dust into every corner of my clothing, while every fall of the horses' hoofs raised great clouds. In ten minutes I was peppered over so that my dearest friend would not have recognised me, and by the time I had gone a mile and a half I was just like a sack of cement.

The horrible stuff filled my eyes and ears, and hung on to my eyelashes and eyebrows in thick masses. I was like a Father Christmas, in chocolate instead of cotton wool.

GUSTS OF BITING DUST.

When we were about half way the horses could hardly pull the carriage through the dust. To make matters worse, there was an explosion from Vesuvius every ten seconds. With every explosion came a gust of biting hot dust.

I can think of nothing to compare it to, unless you imagine yourself in the midst of the time dust when a house is being pulled down on a very hot summer day; only in this case the dust is much more gritty, and thicker and blacker, and you simply can't get away from it.

My men "struck," and refused to go any further. It was impossible for me to go on by myself, and it was hopeless expecting to see anything. Not a glimpse of the mountain itself was to be seen. So far that day I gave it up.

When I got back to my hotel I found dust everywhere. You could not see the carpet or the pattern of the quilt on the bed. All over the city it is the same.

"See Naples and die," say the natives; and after you have been here a day or two you feel inclined to take the advice. However beautiful ordinary times, it is the dirtiest town in the world just now. Not a blade of grass or an atom of green can be seen anywhere; everything is dull red or chocolate-coloured dust, and the electric lamps are burning all day.

I am writing this between two and three in the afternoon, but it is really like the dead of night. People are walking everywhere with their umbrellas up as if for a snowstorm.

KAISER'S TARDY SYMPATHY.

ROME, Monday.—It is announced that the German Ambassador has addressed to the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs an official communication expressing condolence on account of the Vesuvian disaster.

A heavy rain of cinders, causing intense darkness, fell at Bosco Reale and Bosco Trecase and Torre del Greco yesterday. The downpour, however, considerably diminished at Torre Annunziata and San Giuseppe, and entirely ceased last night at Ottajano, San Giuseppe, and Somma.

The Duke of Orleans has arrived at Naples. The Duchesses of Aosta, his sister, received him at the station, and acted as guide to her brother in the Vesuvian district.—Reuter.

ALL EASTER RECORDS BROKEN.

Climax of the Finest Holiday for Many Years.

REMARKABLE FIGURES.

Many records, as the *Daily Mirror* anticipated, were established this Easter Monday.

More people left London than on any previous Easter Monday; more visited the parks, the river, and the various places of amusement in and near the metropolis, and more travelled in trains, trams, and omnibuses than ever previously. Even the L.C.C. steamboats were crowded. Last, but not least, there was record weather.

WHERE HOSTS OF LONDONERS WENT.

Every resort in or near the metropolis was crowded to overflowing. Hampstead Heath was easily first in favour. More than 150,000 people visited it. Here are some estimates of the numbers visiting other places:—

Crystal Palace	80,000
Alexandra Palace	45,000
Cinnsod Park	15,000
Pimbury Park	20,000
Highbury Fields	5,000
Hilgate Woods	20,000
Waterloo Park	40,000
Wormwood Scrubs	8,000
State apartments at Windsor (where the ponies' stables had eventually to be closed)	9,000
Hampden Court	20,000

Then at one pier for the L.C.C. steamboats police had to be employed to keep back the crowds and the gates had to be closed. More than 100,000 is estimated, went for a trip on the river.

HUGE RAILWAY FIGURES.

Colossal bookings were reported to have taken place on all railways.

From St. Pancras twenty-three special trains left for Gravesend, Leigh, Westcliff-on-Sea, and Southend, carrying 10,000 passengers.

Nine thousand travelled to Southend, etc., by the short route, and 1,000 journeyed to Southend on the District Railway.

The L.B. and S.C. Railway issued 24,750 week-end tickets.

Between Wednesday morning and Sunday night 2,400 cycles were dispatched by the company. On Good Friday, Easter Sunday, and yesterday, they conveyed 15,550 people to Brighton and Worthing, 3,640 to Portsmouth, Bognor, and Littlehampton, and 2,750 to Bexhill, Eastbourne, Hastings, and Seaford.

During the same time 26,000 visited Dorking, Epsom, etc., for the Surrey Hills. Up to 1 p.m. yesterday 9,600 passengers had been conveyed to the Crystal Palace.

For Dieppe and Paris 4,600 left.

The Great Central carried a record number of excursionists to Leicester, Nottingham, Liverpool, Southampton, and the north-east and north-west coasts. Between Thursday morning and yesterday noon 63,300 passengers left Paddington, as against 60,450 last year.

From Paddington 682 bicycles were conveyed yesterday, nearly 400 more than last Easter Monday.

The South-Western Company ran thirty specials to Hampton Court and fifty-two to the races at Kempton Park.

REGENT'S PARK HORSE SPECTACLE.

Foreigners always leave this country with a wonderful admiration for the British draught horse. Those who witnessed the third annual Van Horse Parade in Regent's Park yesterday would agree that this admiration is deserved.

No fewer than 239 animals, in the brightest harness, attached to freshly-varnished vehicles, passed the judges, and in the bright sunshine the turn-out was also highly successful from a spectacular point of view.

A year ago the number was only 188, whilst in 1904 it was only 76, so that the London Van-Horse Parade Society have very good reason to congratulate themselves.

Nearly a hundred red badges were awarded, each entitling the driver of the successful horse to a 10s. prize and a diploma of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Many other drivers were awarded money prizes of smaller value.

Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox distributed the prizes, and the president, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, was present.

DOGS MUST BEHAVE.

"Dogs must be taught," remarked Mr. Cluer at Wardship-street yesterday, in dismissing a charge of cruelty against a man, who admitted kicking away a dog that ran at him barking.

IRON CANES IN FASHION.

Carrying Them as Good for the Muscles as a Ten-Mile Walk.

The latest fashion in ultra-fashionable London is to carry a hooked iron bar in place of the ordinary walking cane.

Quite a smart business is being done in the West End in these sticks, which are being sold at about five shillings each.

To all intents and purposes the iron canes, which are japed, are ordinary walking-sticks. They look like the dainty ebony canes which have been so fashionable for many years, but, unlike real ebony sticks, they are objects of use as well as adornment. They weigh about 10lb.

As instruments of defence they are invaluable. But they possess another quality which is even more important.

If carried regularly and swung in the way in which one swings an ordinary cane they bring into play muscles which would remain undeveloped. After the first week, or so, the weight of the cane becomes unnoticeable, but its value as an athletic implement increases, and it is claimed that if one is used regularly it will do as much for the system as an hour's digging in the garden every day or a ten-mile walk.

DEATH OF AN ARCHDEACON.

The Venerable Robinson Thornton Dies in London at the Age of Eighty-Two.

The Venerable Robinson Thornton, formerly Vicar of St. John's, Notting Hill, and late Arch-



The late Archdeacon Thornton.

deacon of Middlesex, has died at his London residence at the age of eighty-two.

AS THE CHINESE SEE US.

Commissioners Say That Working Men in England Have More Power Than Cabinet Ministers.

The Chinese Commissioners, who leave England on Thursday for Paris, are not all in love with English customs and food. The Duke Tsai Tsai cannot endure European wines and dishes, and the public dinners, where he always drank only lemonade, were a severe trial to him.

Out of all our institutions the Commissioners were as much interested by Wormwood Scrubs Prison as anything else. "It was very instructive," is the opinion of Mr. Tso Pong Lung, the first secretary of the mission, and a Mandarin of high rank. "You give your criminal a sort of compulsory education. We make ours work."

"When we get back to China we shall not imitate the English Constitution," said Mr. Tso Pong Lung, and added an opinion characteristic of the Orient. "Here in England the people have more power than the Ministers of the Sovereign."

MURDER FOR £10,000.

Husband Travels from Odessa to Kharbin to Join His Wife, and Finds Only Her Mutilated Body.

The story of a woman who was robbed of £10,000 and murdered in a Manchurian railway carriage is told in the Odessa papers, and emphasises a strange coincidence connected with the tragedy. The woman in question was the wife of an Odessa engineer, who had fled from her husband and embarked on the life of an adventuress at Kharbin.

The husband determined to follow her thither, but whilst in the train the engine-driver pulled up because a woman's body was lying across the line. The passengers alighted, and the unhappy engineer was shocked to recognise his murdered wife. The murderer was shortly afterwards arrested with blood-stained clothes. In his possession were cash, jewels, and securities worth £10,000.

DIED IN CHAPEL OF BROKEN HEART.

Before the Islington coroner yesterday it was stated that Sarah Barkfield, whilst attending a Good Friday service at the Wesleyan Mission Chapel, Liverpool-road, fell forward and expired. Death was due to rupture of the heart.

MODEL CHEAP LUNCH.

4d. Meal as Nutritive as a Seven-Course Dinner.

IDEAL FOR THE SUMMER.

What is considered to be the cheapest lunch in the world was described yesterday to the *Daily Mirror* by a food specialist, who will have nothing to do with fads and fancies which make many food specialists a pet peg on which humorists hang their jokes.

"It has occurred to me to devise a pleasant, palatable, and highly-nutritious meal which will fit the conditions of quasi-tropical life we experience during an English summer," he said.

"Having tried this diet for some while, and being eminently satisfied with it, I cordially recommend it to those in search of a meal which is nutritious without being heating. As a matter of fact, it is a favourite lunch among European residents of the West Indies, Mauritius, and Ceylon."

"In the matter of nutritive qualities, it possesses the value of a seven-course dinner, and is quite as enjoyable. The ingredients of the meal are as follows:—

- One ripe banana,
- One ounce of English cheese,
- A penny roll of bread,
- A penny pat of butter.

"Eat all the ingredients together, just as people eat bread, jam, and cream."

Double Quantity for Big Eaters.

"The above, which cannot cost more than fourpence, is amply sufficient for a person of moderate appetite. Those who prefer to feel they have had something will want double the quantity."

"Not the least advantage of the above repast is that alcoholic stimulants are not required. A glass of cold water taken after the meal is quite sufficient."

"The banana, if ripe, supplies a digestive ferment which facilitates the digestion of the cheese. The cheese supplies all the nitrogenous food needed, while the bread supplies the carbohydrate, and the butter the hydro-carbon."

"It is obvious to the person who knows the value of these nutritive agents that the bread is the most perfect from the food point of view that can be devised."

"It is within the reach of anyone, and would prove a particular boon to motorists and cyclists, for bread, butter, and cheese can be purchased everywhere, and only the banana need be carried."

"For the stout and rheumatic nothing better could be found, and for the dyspeptic it is a valuable stimulant to the enfeebled digestive powers, which would in time restore them to their original activity."

WAITER'S HOLIDAY ESCAPEDE.

Threw Himself Over Blackfriars Bridge, but Is Rescued by Man Who Has Saved 300 Lives.

Throats of holiday-makers passing over Blackfriars Bridge yesterday witnessed an exciting rescue from drowning.

A man named Johnson, a waiter, of Southwark Bridge-road, was seen to mount the parapet and throw himself into the river. The attention of the firemen at the floating station near by was at once called to the drowning man, and a boat put off to the rescue.

Here it could reach the spot another boat had been launched by Mr. Charles Carter, a boat builder on the south side of the river, he succeeding in effecting the rescue just as Johnson was going under a number of barges.

During the past twelve months Mr. Carter has rescued no fewer than thirty people from the river at this point, and during the twenty years he has been in business some 300 rescues have been effected by himself or his men.

STOLE BICYCLES ON WEDDING EVE.

Much-Trusted Man's Downfall—Mercial Magistrate and Hysterical Bride.

"It is difficult to know what to do with you. Until the most critical period of your life you had been respected and trusted by everyone, but on the very eve of your marriage you committed this theft."

So said Mr. Dickinson at North London yesterday to William Neill, twenty-four, who admitted stealing two bicycles the day before his wedding.

Neill, who was given a good character, and was in a great state of distress, had only been married a week, and his bride was in the precincts of the court in a hysterical condition.

Taking "the peculiar circumstances" into consideration, the magistrate bound Neill over.

The newly-hung bells of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East have now been placed in a cage of iron instead of the old one of wood.

DEADLY "TRAILERS."

Lord Westbury Suggests a Useful Alternative to "Police Traps."

Lord Westbury, appearing at a coroner's inquiry at Walton-on-Thames yesterday regarding a fatal motoring accident, made a spirited protest against the dangers of trailers attached to motor-cycles.

The inquest had reference to the death of Mrs. Eliza Trimby, of Walton, on Good Friday last. The woman was in a trailer attached to a motor-cycle ridden by Mr. Algernon Devonport. When they reached the cross-roads on the Byfleet and Cobham road, Mr. Devonport, seeing Lord Westbury's motor-car approaching, turned sharply to the right.

The trailer was capsized, and Mrs. Trimby was instantly killed.

Lord Westbury's chauffeur said that to avoid running over the woman he turned the car into a ditch. He thought he did not run over her, but Lord Westbury, in his evidence, said he believed they did.

"I think," added his lordship, "that these trailers are the most dangerous things on the road. My opinion is that for the safety of the public, the police would be much better employed in being stationed at these dangerous points instead of lying in ambush to catch motorists going a little bit too fast."

The jury, returning a verdict of Accidental Death, held that there was no one to blame. Lord Westbury, after leaving, said he never went out on his motor-car if he could avoid it. He usually went by train.

"UNEMPLOYED" BAD GARDENERS.

Experiment in South London Parks Not a Success in the Opinion of the L.C.C.

With Easter the experiment has been concluded, and some details of the result are available.

Out of several hundreds of unemployed workers, between the ages of twenty and forty, it required three men, as a rule, to accomplish the work of one experienced gardener's labourer. The applicants for work included hall-porters, waiters, printers, clerks, and others who were without experience of any sort of outdoor labour.

These men, superintended by skilled foremen, were set to the tasks of mowing, digging, and lifting and relaying turf, making beds and terraces for floral display, etc., for five days in the week. On the average, each worker's week consisted of forty-four hours, and at the rate of 6d. an hour his earning averaged 22s.

THEATRE ECHO OF L.C.C. TRIP TO PARIS.

Councillor Kissed by Markets Queen and "Snapped" by "Daily Mirror" Photographer.

A *Daily Mirror* photographer plays a leading part in the new Coliseum review, which was produced with such success yesterday afternoon.

A London County Councillor is pursued down the boulevards by the Queen of the Market and her court, demanding their rightful tribute of a kiss. Fearful of the ubiquitous photographer who has pursued him all over Paris, and conjuring up visions of his wife's face on seeing his embraces reproduced in the next day's *Daily Mirror*, the terrified councillor appeals to the on-lookers, who only held the Queen to enforce her due. Enter the *Daily Mirror* photographer, and exit the unhappy councillor.

The central theme of the review is taken from a contemporary story of the return of Robinson Crusoe. This gentleman invokes the aid of the goddess Destiny, who shows him the world of pleasure from which he has been absent so long, and together they visit Earl's Court, the boulevards, the Zoo, a suffragette mass meeting, and the Trocadero.

ECCENTRIC'S STRANGE BANK.

Sewed Savings in His Clothes, and Spurred All Profers of Charity.

Curious revelations were made yesterday concerning the eccentricities of Charles Cope, who, appearing at Westminster Police Court yesterday in a threadbare coat and giving an address at a Salvation Army shelter, was charged before Mr. Horace Smith with loitering as a suspected person in Clapham-road.

In his meagre clothing was found, sewn in the lining, nearly £30.

At one time he kept it hidden away in a roof, but he had lately taken to sewing it in his clothes. He was known to many ladies as a most industrious man, thoroughly honest and honourable, and worked as a jobbing gardener. He would never accept alms, and promptly returned money offered him without work.

FELL ON THE "CONSERVATIVE."

A witness at a Paddington inquest yesterday stated that the deceased fell on a little "conservative" at the back of the house.

SIGNALMAN'S BOGUS "HEROISM."

Commits Suicide Under the Strain
of Official Investigation.

BID FOR PROMOTION.

A human tragedy of the most sensational type yesterday solved the mystery surrounding the reported attempt to wreck a Great Western passenger train on Thursday at Llangollen.

Rowland Eli Evans, the signalman, who told a remarkable story of having saved the train from disaster, shot himself yesterday—on the day when his version of the affair was to have been investigated by the railway officials.

The whole of the incidents are of a most remarkable character.

Evans reported that on Thursday he heard a noise on the railway line which runs parallel with the road.

He stated that his suspicions were aroused, and on looking over the hedge saw two men placing obstructions across the rails. In a quarter of an hour, as he knew, the down train was due, so he rushed to the scene, but the two men, who were armed with bludgeons (said Evans), attacked him and he was knocked to the ground and attempts made to cut his throat, which certainly bore marks of violence.

Race Against Time.

He soon (so Evans's story proceeds) recovered consciousness. Then he discovered that his assailants had decamped and that heavy obstructions of sleepers and fencing poles had been placed across the metals, evidently with the idea of plunging the train into the Dee, that flows beneath.

He ran along the permanent-way half a mile to Llangollen Station, burst into the signal-box, and turned the distance-signal near Woodlands to danger. This, however, was not sufficient.

The distance-signal at danger only warns the driver to be careful, and Evans heard the tinkle informing him that the 11.15 train had left Acrefair, and had entered on the six-mile stretch between that station and Llangollen.

Evans represented that he was distracted with alarm, and, seizing a guard's lamp, with its dangerous, rushed down the line to meet the imperilled train. In a fearful race with impending disaster Evans arrived in time, and brought the train to a timely stop.

Directly, however, that widespread publicity was given to his "heroism," Evans's attitude completely changed. The police officials asked him to go to the scene of the incident, and there he renounced the alleged exciting proceedings of Thursday night.

Alarmed at Suspension.

The authorities were not satisfied, and, failing to find evidence of any struggle, appeared to entertain the idea that the signalman had invented an amazingly audacious fiction with a view to advancing him in the favour of the railway company.

Evans's suspension followed. The man was seized with alarm. He wept copiously, and worked himself up to an almost hysterical state of despair.

"I shall be put into prison," he moaned to the *Daily Mirror* soon after his suspension on Saturday.

In the course of another interview on that day he said:—"I only did my duty, and thought only of stopping the incoming train, which I succeeded in doing. I want no praise or fuss in newspapers. I cannot conceive why I should be suspended, as I distinctly saw two men placing obstructions on the railway."

Picture of Dejection.

He hardly spoke, and remained indoors all day Sunday, the picture of pitiable dejection. Yesterday morning he rose early, and when his aunt, Mrs. Rowlands, saw him go to the cupboard and load a gun, she endeavoured to persuade him to stop at home. He, however, said that he was only going to see if there were any rabbits about.

Some time later David Richard Roberts, a surveyor of Bala, who was spending Easteride in the district, whilst on his way to the river for fishing purposes, saw Evans lying dead near a rick-yard. By his side was the gun.

Appearances indicate that Evans placed the weapon on its butt, and, pointing the muzzle to his breast, discharged the gun with a piece of wood. Evans was only twenty years of age, and was regarded as a smart servant to the company.

It is stated that Evans had recently been reading novels dealing with heroic achievements, and it is thought that the influence of this literature unhinged his mind.

The case forms one of the most romantic chapters in the history of our railways, and affords an interesting sidelight on the potency of personal ambition.

YESTERDAY'S CRICKET AND RACING.

Brilliant Innings by Sewell and Burgundy Wins the Valuable
Keigwin for the Gentlemen. Queen's Prize at Kempton Park.

HAYWARD IN FORM.

Sunshine was so plentiful at the Oval yesterday that one could forgive, perhaps, the keenness of the north wind. And the conditions generally on the famous old Surrey pitch all savoured of the game. We had W. G. wearing his long number of summers extremely well—very weather-beaten from his long course of winter golf, and quite sprightly in his walk. But we did not see sufficient of the grand old sportsman at the wicket to quite please the holiday crowd.

"W. G." had got together quite a tolerable side of Gentlemen. But Surrey was a mere ghost of what it will be in May. J. E. Raphael, still held by the charms of Rugby football, was away in the west of England with the Old Merchant Taylors; the South African contingent of Surrey is on the high seas; and Lord Dalmeny was unable to turn out.

Sixteen Fours Hit.

N. A. Knox, the Old Dulwich fast bowler, captained Surrey, and, losing the toss, had his side in the field the greater part of cricketing hours.

Grace played well for his runs, and seemed in for a good score; but Rushby got him caught at extra ball. The spectators gave the champion a rousing cheer as he came in.

The honours of the innings belonged to E. H. D. Sewell, of Essex, who played little important cricket last summer. Sewell is of that type of cricketer loved by the crowd. His fine, robust methods, his clean cuts and his free driving—these were the things that pleased the people.

Sewell, who went in first wicket down at six, stayed until after luncheon. His 107 runs were made out of 169. It was a dashing display, and the fact that there were sixteen 4's in the century indicates the character of the play.

The close of the Gentlemen's innings was marked by the steadiness of Keigwin and the vigour of Bell and Odell, and it was past five o'clock when the innings was over for 320.

Notes Colts on Trial.

There were some mistakes in the Surrey field, but the cricket all round was good and interesting.

In the last hour of the day Surrey made an excellent start. Hayward treated the spectators to some of the finished batting which only Hayward can play, and the prospects of a fine match are excellent. Will the weather last? Everything depends on this.

Trent Bridge was fairly well attended yesterday for the first day of the trial of the colts.

The youngsters, with few exceptions, gave only a poor show in the first innings. A. W. Hallam and John Gunn got them out like ninetails; Hallam took thirteen wickets for 28 runs and Gunn six for 55.

Felstead and Turner both played extremely well for their runs, the latter's driving possessing plenty of class.

Tremonger played a fine innings for the Eleven, his 88 being easily the best batting of the day. The scores were:—Twenty-one Colts and Captain, 157; the Eleven, 167 for six wickets.

"CAN I MAKE YOU MORE HAPPY?"

Affectionate Husband's Terrible Grief at Tragedy
Which Deprives Him of Wife and Child.

Almost overwhelmed with grief, Mr. Achille Camillo Primo Fontana, Italian marble merchant of Isleworth, gave evidence at yesterday's inquest on his wife and child. The woman committed suicide after destroying her little one.

Coroner (to husband): You were happy together?—Oh, yes, very. Once I asked her if she was happy, and she said "Yes." I asked her if she thought there was anything I could do to make her more happy. I said if I could I would do it. My wife replied: "No, I am happy; you cannot do anything more." (Here Mr. Fontana wept bitterly.)

The husband said that when he left his wife on the day of the tragedy she said: "Promise me to love me always."

Several neighbours said Mrs. Fontana had been recently strange in her manner and medical evidence corroborated the theory of insanity.

A verdict was returned of Murder and Suicide against Mrs. Fontana, and sympathy was expressed with the husband.

PERILS OF THE SHAFT.

At the Furnace Pit, Bo'ness, Cumberland, yesterday, four men were injured by the violent descent of a cage owing to the overwinding of the haulage apparatus, one man's skull being fractured.

Whilst four shaft sinkers were descending a pit at Bold Hall Colliery, near Warrington, in a tub, a coil of wire rope fell on them, and one man was rather seriously wounded.

THEODOCION SCORES.

Brilliant weather prevailed at Kempton Park yesterday, and the sport was witnessed by a huge crowd of holiday folk. The course yielded capital going, and fields ruled large. The principal prize in an interesting card was the Queen's Prize, for which Sargelle and King Duncan were the only absentees of the fifteen coloured on the card.

Glenamoy opened favourite, but quickly gave way to Burgundy, who started a warm favourite at 9 to 4. Wild Lad and Given Up were well backed. Mr. Delanere set a strong pace for six furlongs when he gave way to Falconet, who carried on the running till a quarter of a mile from home. Then Burgundy drew away, and secured a popular victory for the Duke of Devonshire, who was present.

In the remaining events Prodigy, a stable companion of Burgundy, was very unlucky in the Rendlesham Stakes, being crossed when the barrier ascended, and completely shut out. The Perleic colt carried most money, but he failed to cope with Futurity, who led throughout, and won in a canter.

Well Endowed Programme.

All roads in Lancashire seemed to lead to Castle Irwell yesterday, and the racecourse was crowded with the usual Bank Holiday gathering.

Manchester is notorious for rain, but yesterday the heart of the Lancastrian was gladdened with brilliant sunshine, and this added materially to the success of the outing.

The executive had paid much attention to the course, which, in spite of the recent drought and east wind, yielded very fair galloping. The programme was on the customary well-endowed lines, the six items aggregating £2,600, and the usual keen interest was taken in that popular cross-country event, the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase.

Fifteen were saddled for this race, including several that had taken part in the Grand National, but ex-Liverpool horses are not usually liked for this event. The parade was watched with much interest from the stands, and the starters were a fairly good class lot.

Pace Very Slow.

Millman, trained by Coulthwaite, who is usually to be feared here, opened favourite, but when it transpired that Sullivan was to have the mount on Mr. McKinley's horse instead of Mason, the Hedgesford representative retired in the wakening in favour of Theodocion, who started in chief request at 9 to 2.

Series had plenty of supporters at 11 to 2, and others backed by their respective parties were Oatlands, Wolf's Folly, Timothy Titus, Leamington, and Logan Rock.

The earlier stages of the race were devoid of interest, the pace being slow, but entering the straight more steam was put on, and Theodocion, answering gamely to the call of Newey, came again, and defeated Wolf's Folly after an exciting set-to by a length and a half, Logan Rock being eight lengths further away third.

The winner—a son of Marcion—is trained at Richmond by the brothers Messrs. W. P. and H. S. Gill for Mr. C. Bower Ismay, of the White Star Line of steamers. Marcion was the only one of the contestants to come to grief; but Eteocles, Longthorpe, Sham Dhur, Leamington, and Mahratra failed to complete the course.

For racing returns and programmes see page 14.

ANGLO-AUSTRIAN ENTENTE.

Prime Minister of the Emperor Francis Joseph to
Visit This Country in the Summer.

To further the Anglo-Austrian entente, which has made great progress since it was initiated a few weeks ago, friendly gatherings of those interested are being arranged in connection with the coming Austrian Exhibition at Earl's Court.

A banquet will be given during the season, and this will take place either at the exhibition or the Hotel Cecil, and it will be attended by members of the House of Lords and the Austrian Government, including Baron de Grantsch, the Austrian Prime Minister.

SIMPLE EASTER WEDDING.

Without bridesmaids or pages the wedding took place yesterday at St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens, of Mr. H. R. Eardley Childers, secretary to the Representative Council, and actuary of Convocation of Canterbury, to Mrs. E. M. Carr, widow of Mr. Arthur Fontescue Carr, and daughter of the late Captain George Swinny, 15th King's Hussars.

The Marchioness of Breadalbane has landed a 25lb. salmon on Loch Tay.

DASH FROM A LINER.

British Seamen's Exciting Escape from
German Ship at Dover.

Amid exciting scenes, two English seamen, who had been recruited to take the place of strikers at Hamburg, escaped from the Hamburg-America liner *Fuerst Bismarck* at Dover yesterday.

On the liner's arrival the men came ashore with their bags, and claimed the right of protection on English soil.

While they were explaining the situation to the Customs officials, however, some of the German crew seized the men's bags by stealth, and, to the loudly-expressed indignation of the spectators, took them on board.

One of the officers wanted to drag the men on board again, but was advised not to resort to force. Ultimately, after many assurances had been given them, the men were induced to return on board.

Just as the liner was leaving, however, the men swarmed down the bow ropes to the pier and made a run for it.

Officials and police pursued the men, and caught them, but could not get them back to the ship.

The men asserted that they had signed on for a voyage to New York, and said that they were not going to be "Shanghaied" in Mexico or Cuba. Under the circumstances the police did not interfere further with the seamen.

FAT LAMB FOR EASTER.

Prices, Though They Have Risen Slightly, Are
Lower Than in Previous Years.

Fat lamb is one of the favourite dishes at Easter-tide, and prices have recently risen from 10d. to 1s. a pound in view of that circumstance.

Not long ago, says the "Mark Lane Express," so much as 1s. 6d. and even 1s. 10d. a pound was obtained, especially at a cold Easter; but the great quantity of New Zealand lamb imported has brought down prices, the Colonial produce selling at from 5½d. to 7½d. per pound.

The imported lamb, however, lacks the nice flavour and juicy richness of the home-produced, and there is no likelihood of the demand for the latter becoming much less.

SCHOOLBOY INCENDIARIES.

Admit to the Police That They Started Fires to
Get Half-Crowns by Notifying Them.

Schoolboys charged as incendiaries was the unusual spectacle afforded at the Stratford Police Court yesterday, when Sidney Buttershaw and Charles Brown, of Chelmsford-road, Walthamstow, were brought on an accusation of setting fire to an unoccupied house.

The police stated that during the past six or seven weeks the Walthamstow Fire Brigade have on several occasions been summoned to small fires, and, on arrest, the boys admitted setting fire to four places and obtaining the 2s. 6d. reward for giving notice of the outbreaks to the fire superintendent.

WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS.

Answers to an Interesting Series of "Where's,"
"How's," and "Can's."

Where will you go?
How will you get there?
Where will you stay?
Can you obtain your favourite recreation, such as cricket or tennis?

Will there be concerts, regattas, and fêtes? Are the roads good for cycling and motoring?

What is the bathing like—mixed or otherwise? Can you make excursions to places of historic interest near by?

Is there a promenade? Is the air mild or bracing?

Is there a southerly or northerly aspect? How big is the place?

What railway takes you there?

These are the questions that crop up. Where can you obtain all this essential information? It may benefit you to know that these very questions, as they relate to England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, are all answered without partiality by the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide for 1906, now on sale everywhere. It gives a marvellous amount of reliable information with the addition of maps and photographs, and all for the insignificant sum of threepence! No one should be without this useful and attractive guide.

ANOTHER DOCK ACCIDENT AT BELFAST.

Following the sudden collapse in October of the Alexandra Graving Dock, Belfast, a serious subsidence has now taken place.

A tremendous inrush of water followed the subsidence, sweeping away a large portion of the wall at the north end, and doing damage to the extent of several thousands of pounds.

BABEL OF MANY TONGUES.

International Congress of Employees Tackles Unemployed Problem.

SHOP ASSISTANTS' HOURS.

While most people were holiday-making in the sunshine delegates of the International Federation of Employees basked in a flood of oratory at the Hotel Great Central yesterday.

They represented all sorts of nationalities, nineteen coming from France, ten from Belgium, and smaller numbers from Denmark, Poland, Spain, Portugal, and Germany.

With common consent French was the language spoken, but Mrs. Fenton Macpherson, a clever interpreter, came to the rescue of the British representatives, who stuck to the mother tongue. Oratorical honours were divided between delegates of France and Spain yesterday, these gentlemen displaying characteristic volubility as well as eloquence. They tried the patience of their British conferees, who are not accustomed to so much gesticulation in debate, rather severely.

Fair Hair and Red Ties.

Black moustachios and large black ties distinguished the Continental delegates, while fair hair and red ties seemed to mark the Englishmen. All wore pretty little red, white, and blue ribbons in their buttonholes, and all seemed delighted at the many photographs taken. One delegate told the *Daily Mirror* he had been taken sixteen times.

Some really thoughtful speeches were made on the subject of the unemployed, for the cause of which insufficient education and low wages were blamed. A long resolution, drawn up in French, was carried recommending the establishment of a labour bureau, to be actively assisted by local bodies in grappling with the problem until it is dealt with by an international bureau on international lines.

Trade-union action alone, it was felt, was insufficient; collective social action was also necessary.

Where Esperanto Would Be Useful.

Quite a novelty was a speech made by Mr. Lambert, of the British Esperanto Association, who pointed out what a lot of time might be saved the conference if the speakers all had a knowledge of the new tongue. He spoke in Esperanto, and his remarks were interpreted by a Frenchman, who is also an Esperantist.

In an adjoining room two hundred delegates, representing 370 branches and some 18,000 members of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen, and Clerks, decided on their administrative policy in regard to the Shop Hours Bill.

This measure—the introduction of which the conference approved, an amendment from Leicester being defeated—proposes to amend the Shop Hours Act by making it compulsory on local authorities to make closing orders for their areas, while empowering them to refer to the ratepayers the question whether any order shall come into operation at all.

English Only Spoken.

The Bill determines the latest closing hours for each day which may be fixed by the local authority, leaving the latter free to distribute the particular closing hours over the different days of the week.

Mr. H. H. Roper, of Lincoln, was elected to the vice-presidential chair, which carries with it the presidency next year.

Only English was spoken at this conference, and the business was got through expeditiously.

Later in the sitting a spirited speech was made by Mr. Seddon, M.P. (Lancs, S.W.), who claimed to be the first shop-assistant member of Parliament. Mr. Seddon was for sixteen years behind a grocer's counter.

CHINESE TIGER-WITCH.

Superstition That an Old Woman Is Transmired Every Time the Moon Is on the Wane.

The excitement caused by the report that a man-eating tiger has raised the little town of Tanah Merah, in the Straits Settlements, and has carried off a Chinaman's wife, has led the "Singapore Free Press" to revive an interesting Malay superstition.

The Malays state the marauding animal is a "witch-tiger," and is really a certain old Chinese woman who turns herself into a tiger when the moon is on the wane every month.

Indeed, one Malay goes so far as to declare that he met her once with a tiger's tail projecting from beneath her sarong, the tail being the last part of the animal form to disappear.

"OLDEST WOMAN IN SCOTLAND" DEAD.

Mrs. Isabel Waddell died yesterday at Park Cottage, Cathcart, Glasgow, at the age of 104. Mrs. Waddell, who was hale and hearty to the last, claimed to be the oldest woman in Scotland.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Messrs. John Johnson, M.P., and John Wilson, M.P., members of the International Miners' Committee, arrived at Lens yesterday and visited several of the Courrières pits.

Mr. Birrell will speak at the Eighty Club's dinner to Mr. John Morley on Friday, April 27.

Lambeth Guardians, falling into line with other bodies, will urge upon the War Office that pensions should be paid weekly.

As the result of a visit of a Scottish syndicate representing 400 fishing boats, a scheme has been set on foot for making a herring port of South-wold, Suffolk.

While waiting to go off to his ship yesterday, a sailor, whose name is said to be Hall, belonging to H.M.S. Russell, fell off the pontoon at Devonport and was drowned.

Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., at Stockton-on-Tees yesterday declared that the Labour Party, which had within a year opened 124 new branches and had a balance in hand of nearly £2,000, would strenuously oppose the Education Bill.

Investigation will be made by the War Office into the conditions of the march of the Buffs from Shorncliffe to Dover last week, when two men fell out owing to the heat and subsequently died in hospital.

For the last fourteen years there has only been one prisoner for trial at the South Molton (Devon) Quarter Sessions.

Jack Sheppard's supposed residence near Mint-street, Borough, which has been standing for nearly three centuries, is to be demolished.

Lord Saye and Sele has just been presented with a handsome inkstand by his brother-magistrates at Reading on the occasion of his golden wedding.

Two Indian ladies are to be sent to England by the Indian Government for a two years' course of training as school-teachers, with an allowance of £150 a year each.

In place of the usual large number of Easter Sunday weddings in the East End there were only five at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, and one at St. George's, Shadwell.

NAVAL HERO AT A LONDON FIRE.



Able Seaman Rowe, of H.M.S. Pembroke, made three gallant attempts to rescue two children who perished in a fire at Notting Dale on Saturday. Twice he fell back into the street from the window on the first-floor, to which he had climbed without the aid of a ladder. The third time he was driven back by the flames and was somewhat badly injured.

Luke Farrar, a tripe dealer, of Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, has left £4,000.

Seventy-six thousand Volunteers are to engage in field training on Salisbury Plain in August.

The ice is beginning to break up on the St. Lawrence River, and navigation is now open as far inland as Montreal.

The Sultan has granted a concession for an electric tramway to be built between Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Bethany, with a probable extension to Jericho.

Mr. Horace Dormer Trelawny, the Squire of Shotwick, near Chester, who has just died, shared with one other the honour of being the oldest deputy-lieutenant in the country.

According to the wish of Miss Johnstone Bennett, the well-known American actress, who has just died from tuberculosis, her body will be cremated and the ashes scattered to the winds.

Following a verdict of Death by misadventure in the case of William Day, a young printer, who died from syncope while being treated at St. Mary's Hospital, the coroner at Paddington recommended that parents or relatives of patients should be informed of proposed operations.

In future the Great Northern and City Electric Railway will carry children under the age of twelve at half-price on Sundays only.

The death is announced of Sir John Harwood, who had been twice Mayor of Manchester (in 1884, 1886, and 1887), at his residence at Higher Broughton, 1898.

Lady Nina Balfour, wife of Captain Balfour, the member for the division, is about to conduct a mothers' meeting in course of formation in connection with the parish church of Hornsey.

Immigrants into Australia last year, according to official statistics, numbered 48,836, and emigrants 46,620—an excess in arrivals of 2,216; whilst in New Zealand the excess of arrivals over departures was 9,302.

Two men were fined ten shillings for stealing turnip tops at Crediton, Devon, on the evidence of two policemen, who swore that they fitted the "tops" found in the prisoners' possession to some turnips growing in a field.

"He is the greatest promoter and smallest performer since the days of Judas Iscariot," is the virulent indictment brought against Mr. Roosevelt by Mr. Charles A. Towne, of New York, who threatens to "expose" the President.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

ADDELPHI.—Manager, Otto Stuart.—To-night, at 8.30, Shakespeare's Comedy, MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Great Audience. Box-off. Mat. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. 2645 Gerrard.

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Strand. Lessee and Manager, CHARLES FROHMAN. NIGHTLY, at 8, MAJESTY'S THEATRE. To-night, at 8, CHARLES FROHMAN presents ELLA MAE and STACY-MOORE in the successful musical play,

THE BEAUTY OF BATH. By Seymour Hicks and Louisa Russell, assisted by Chas. H. Taylor. Music by Herbert E. Haines. Tel. 2315 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. To-night and EVERY EVENING, at 8.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. Box-off. (Mr. Watts), 10 to 10. No fees. Tel. 1777 Ger.

IMPERIAL. LEWIS WALLER. To-night and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30. By A. Conan Doyle.

GEORGE ALEXANDER. To-night, 8 sharp, in a New Comedy.

MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.

TERRY'S THEATRE. JAMES WELCH. To-day, at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.50.

At 8.10, LADY BURGAL. SPECIAL CHILDREN'S MATINEES.

To-day, at 2.30. And Every Day This Week. Half-price for Children.

WALDORF THEATRE. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. To-night and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND." By Robert Mitchell.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE. Messrs. Elsie Norwood, A. and J. Kempster, G. M. Graham, Mesdames Sybil Carlisle, Ada Ferrar.

FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, and EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30. Box-off. 10 to 10. Tel. 2630 Ger.

COLISEUM. Charing-cross. **COLISEUM.** THURSDAY, at 3, and 8 p.m.

"THE COLISEUM REVUE." Miss BILLIE BURKE. COMEDY. Mr. TOM E. MURRAY. COMEDY. GEO. LASHWOOD. THE DANDIES. BRYAN BROWN, GEO. LECLEER, etc. Over 200 Artists on the Stage.

At 6 p.m. Mrs. ALICE ESTY and E. O. HEDMOND. In "CAVALIERIA RUSSIANA," assisted by over 150 voices. Mr. CHARLES WARNER and CO. in "DRINK," etc. Prices for 3 and 9, 6d. to 7d. 6d. Boxes 1 to 2 guineas.

Six p.m., 6d. to 3s.; boxes from 15s. to 2 guineas.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Alight at Piccadilly Circus Station, Baker-Loo Railway.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 5 p.m. "THE FLOOD." DRONZA. CINQUEVALLI.

MACKNOW, the RUSSIAN GIANT, LARRY LESLIE, McPHEE and HILL, O'GUST, LAVATER LEE, ALEX. ANDRE and HUGHES, THE LABAKINS, VILLAUD BROS., SUTCLIFFE FAMILY, FROBELL and RUGE, LUDIA and ALBINO, ROIDA BROS., BEASY'S CATS, BIOSCOPE, etc.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

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Banister Howard's company. "Furorion," "The National Food, Health and Hygiene Exhibition. Military Band, Organ Recitals, etc.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1908.

AFTER THE HOLIDAY.

A FINE Bank Holiday is such an extraordinary thing, and comes so very seldom, that it is really well worth while making a fuss about, when it does come.

Yesterday was unmistakably fine, and ought, therefore, to have been the most successful holiday known for many months.

And most of the holiday-makers did, no doubt, go forth into the open air and "feel the overwhelming sun," and have now returned, in consequence, with that very welcome feeling of renewed youth in them, which stimulates to better work, new projects, many inventions. But there is a class of people who have somehow lost the art of enjoyment, and do not know how to make use of their liberty when they get it.

This class you might have seen listlessly patrolling the streets of London yesterday. It is a class that walks about in rows creating an atmosphere of dust about it, dressed up in very new-looking clothes, and wearing very squeaky boots, and bearing about it an indescribable atmosphere of boredom and woe.

Large numbers of these blankly staring men and women came up from the country for the day. They chose Bank Holiday as a suitable day on which to visit London—that being a time when all shops are closed, all the streets lifeless, and the City in one of its least characteristic moods. They walked up and down, and looked at the names of the streets, and many of them fell to quarrelling, and nearly all of them, when they got back home, must have dimly felt thankful that public festivities come so seldom.

A. F.

FASHION AND BEAUTY.

It seems very improbable that the attempts now being made by certain advanced women in America to restore the Grecian idea of dress will be at all successful. Women aim at fashion, not beauty, in their dress, and they aim not so much at delighting men as at rivalling one another in the newness of their styles.

Grecian dress would be always the same to them—a monotonous beauty which would make pretty women look their best and ugliest their worst. Most of our ideas about Grecian costume come from vases and statues where the folds of the white or coloured tunics are disposed over the most perfect figures.

But how would a British matron look in a tunic? How would Mrs. Grundy look in one? It is better not to know.

Besides, you will never get women to take up a style of dress that singularises them so little. They like high sleeves, or no sleeves, or immense sleeves, puffed out in an absurd episcopal fashion. Simplicity and the following of nature's lines would never suit them.

Fashion is all against nature, and has no necessary connection with beauty. But it is expensive, and involves frequent change, and is therefore great fun, and not to be ousted by a few classical faddists from New York.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If a man find himself with bread in both hands, he should exchange one loaf for some flowers of the narcissus, since the loaf feeds the body indeed, but the flowers feed the soul.—*Mahomet*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

NOW that the great stress of the Easter holidays is over people will be able to take a little rest and to work themselves back into health again. Holidays are apt to be singularly exhausting. The trains, the crowds, the noise, the unaccustomed physical exertion, all contribute to the complete breakdown of the holiday-maker. It appears that Paris was one of the most popular places for tired workers this year. It is always more crowded at Easter than at any other season.

* * *

Strange to say, Englishmen are beginning to dress better in Paris! They used to indulge in a peevish display of tweed and knickerbockers and heavy boots, and in this attire sometimes endeavoured to get into the Opera. Inevitably the Englishman used to get insulted when he went about like this, and I remember a certain member of Parliament who used to insist upon dressing so, no doubt with a view to asserting his personality

you may remember, connected with an excellent whisky. His father was Sir Edward Macnaghten, the second baronet.

The great interest he takes in the local affairs of his native district—the country round Runkerry, where he lives—has made him one of the most popular squires in all Ireland. Besides, when he sits at Petty Sessions, he is notoriously as careful and serious over the most trivial cases of trespass or of the distribution of black eyes, common in holiday-time, as he would be over the weightiest appeal ever brought before the Lords. It has been stated, I believe with perfect truth, that people who know him never appeal against his decisions, knowing that if he has given the case against them no one else would be more favourable.

* * *

The disagreement amongst the civic authorities of Norwich concerning the statue of their most famous citizen is the kind of thing more common in France than in England. In France, when a famous man is buried—if he does, indeed, get buried, and not torn to pieces and divided amongst

THE KAISER'S BRILLIANT "SECOND."



The Austrians are furious over a patronising telegram from the Kaiser to the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, telling him that he proved a brilliant "second" on the Algociras duelling ground. The Kaiser, of course, means that at the Conference Germany was one of the principals, while Austria played the secondary role of carrying the Kaiser's luggage, polishing his sword, admiring him, and making the coffee that invariably follows duels.

and making himself feel at home abroad, for Englishmen are generally much shyer in a foreign country than they care to admit.

* * *

This Englishman got into three separate discussions on his second day in Paris. First he entered a tea-shop—the fashionable tea-shop in the Rue Cambon dear to all lovers of the city—and said: "I want six slices of bread and butter, cut thick." He was not understood; therefore he repeated his demand in a much louder voice. He was politely smiled at. Whereupon, with unfavourable remarks, he strode out of the shop, and went to have another altercation with a man in one of the print shops on the Quai Voltaire, and a third with the box-office man at the Odéon, after which he considered the honour of England vindicated and the English language sufficiently popularised abroad.

* * *

The rumours that Lord Macnaghten, one of the Lords of Appeal, is about to retire are not likely to be far wrong, considering that he is seventy-six years old and must find all but the lightest duties tell upon him. Lord Macnaghten is one of the many Irishmen successful at the English Bar. He comes from Bushmills, in Co. Antrim, a place, as

his enemies—they have an uneasy way of rooting up his body at intervals in order to see whether he is still in his grave, and what the shape of his skull is, or whether he has worn well underground.

* * *

And in England, too, at one time in our history, we had an unpleasant fashion of unearthing our dead and stringing them up by way of posthumous punishment. Thus we served the Roundheads at the Restoration. But peaceful Sir Thomas Browne, the ruminating physician, who spent his slow days refuting impossible errors and superstitions of the vulgar—why should he be disturbed just in order to satisfy the curiosity of people who think they have got his skull, but are not quite sure.

* * *

The Rev. Silvester Horne's letter which has so excited the readers of the "Daily Mail" in reply to the charge of political tyranny brought against the Nonconformists reminded one, by its vigorous style, of the preacher's fervour to which Mr. Horne owes so much of his fame. To be good at a thing, wise men are fond of telling us, you must begin to practise early. Mr. Horne preached his first sermon early enough—at the age of sixteen before the people of a little village near Newport.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

MOTOR-OMNIBUSES—FOR AND AGAINST.

One strong objection, not yet made by any of your correspondents, I have to bring against motor-omnibuses as they are at present, and this has to do with the stupidly vague names they all have on them, which afford not the smallest indication as to their destinations.

This is most confusing to short-sighted people who cannot read the smaller lettering as the omnibus passes by. I see a red vehicle marked General. Being red it connects itself in my mind with Hammersmith, as red omnibuses have, from time immemorial, gone only to Hammersmith. But the General takes me to West Kensington.

Similarly all these silly, symbolical titles of Vanguard and Arrow—all this "Get-There-Before-You" nomenclature ought to be replaced by the more sensible old plan of having the two final stopping-points, as Highbury—Islington, clearly marked on the sides of the vehicles.

Half Moon-street.

W. M.

I like some motor-omnibuses and detest others. The various lines differ considerably. Some whirr yolt like some smoothly and pleasantly in no time. On the other hand, I got into one the day before yesterday which enveloped all outside passengers, whenever it stopped, with a horribly-smelling smoke, at the same time pitching violently and jerking us quite beyond endurance.

Putey.

HILDA MOXON

Motor-omnibuses are splendid things. Of course, old-fashioned grumblers protest against them. That is a way grumblers have when anything new turns up.

As to the other omnibuses, let them hear their lumbering selves get out of the way when they hear the vehicle of the future approaching! Then they won't get hurt—but merely left behind.

Warwick-road.

E. K. O.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

The usefulness of modern masculine attire is unfortunately not universal, as J. Fenton-Bennett points out. There are exceptions to most rules, and the top-hat and frock-coat (always the butt of criticism) are certainly the exception in this case. The more comfortable and easy styles are more general.

One would expect evening dress to be designed more with an eye to appearance than to usefulness; it is not intended for useful occasions, and as far as appearance goes I rather like it myself; it is regrettable that waiters should have copied it, but that does not detract from its ornamental effect.

I should like to know what J. Fenton-Bennett thinks of G. M. Craig's idea of knee-breeches and slither hose.

Cromwell-road, Bristol.

AMERICAN HUMOUR.

Witty Paragraphs from Comic Papers on the Other Side of the Atlantic.

Mrs. Upperton: "Has your new house all the modern improvements?" Mrs. Newlyrich: "Lud, yes! We've got an automobile garage in the rear and electric lights in every room."—"Judge."

A young member who had just made his maiden speech sat upon his new silk hat. There were roars of laughter. An Irish member immediately arose and gravely said: "Mr. Speaker, Permit me to congratulate the honourable gentleman upon the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it!" This remark upset the dignity of the House, and the Speaker called, "Order, order!" amid roars of laughter.—"Argonaut."

Here is an effective piece of dramatic criticism, said to have been printed in a rural paper in Indiana. A raw company on the "kerosene circuit" played "Hamlet," and the next day the editor wrote: "Mr. Soandso and his company played 'Hamlet' in the town hall last night. It was a great social event, and all the elite of our fair village attended. There has been a long discussion as to whether Bacon or Shakespeare wrote the play, commonly attributed to Shakespeare. It can be easily settled now. Let the graves of the two writers be opened. The one who turned over last night is the author."—"New York Tribune."

IN MY GARDEN.

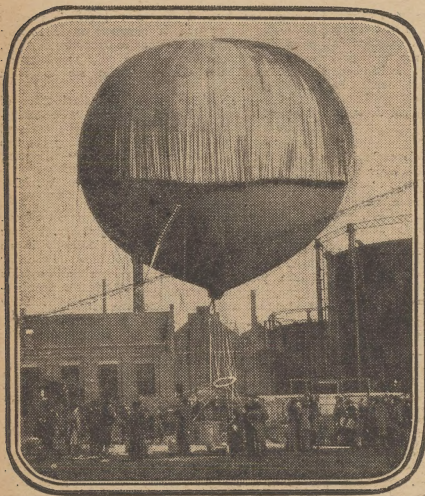
APRIL 16.—In the orchard cherry and plum trees are now in full bloom. Very beautiful they look stirred by the gentle April breeze, while from the grass beneath them the humble daisies of spring-time and countless daffodils peep.

Every corner of the garden is gay with spring flowers. Beds of hyacinths and tulips are pictures of brilliant colour, while primroses, anemones, grape hyacinths, and violets, growing in wild masses round green-budded shrubs, form lovely carpets of yellow, blue, and white.

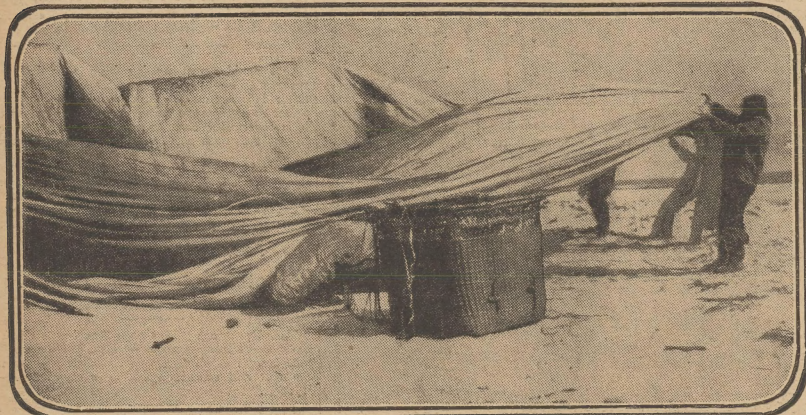
In the wood the lilies of the valley shoot up quickly, and a haze of pink creeps over the "honesty." E. F. T.

TRAGIC DEATH OF A BELGIAN AERONAUT

STRANDED AT NIGHT IN A NEW YORK MORASS.



M. Paul Nocquet, the Belgian sculptor and aeronaut, lost his life whilst crossing Long Island in his balloon. He grounded at a lonely spot known as Jones's Beach in the darkness, and, wearing a lifebelt, attempted to cross the morasses, but died of exhaustion. On the left is the balloon; on the right, M. Paul Nocquet.



Men from the life-saving station find the wrecked balloon. M. Nocquet's dead body was found two miles from this spot.



The car of the balloon resting on Jones's Beach. Although M. Nocquet's cries for help in the darkness were heard by the marshmen they were disregarded.

HAVOC WROUGHT IN NAPLES

STRIKING STREET SCENES

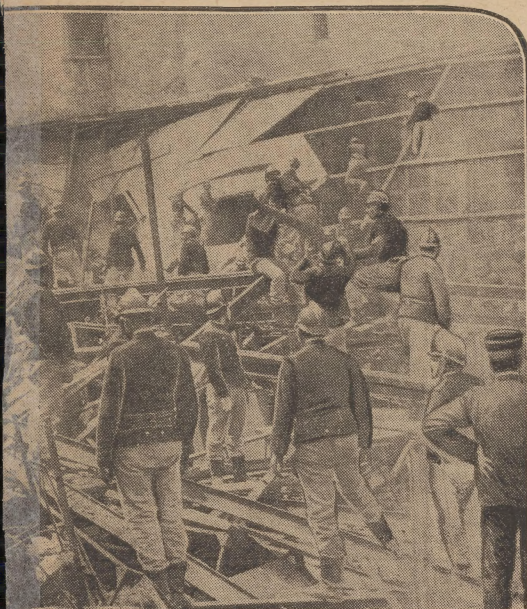


Naples has suffered terribly during the great eruptions of Vesuvius, which fell in, owing to the great weight of sand killed or injured by the fall of the roof. (2, 3, and 4) Show the

(5) Fugitives flying to Naples

ES BY THE ERUPTION

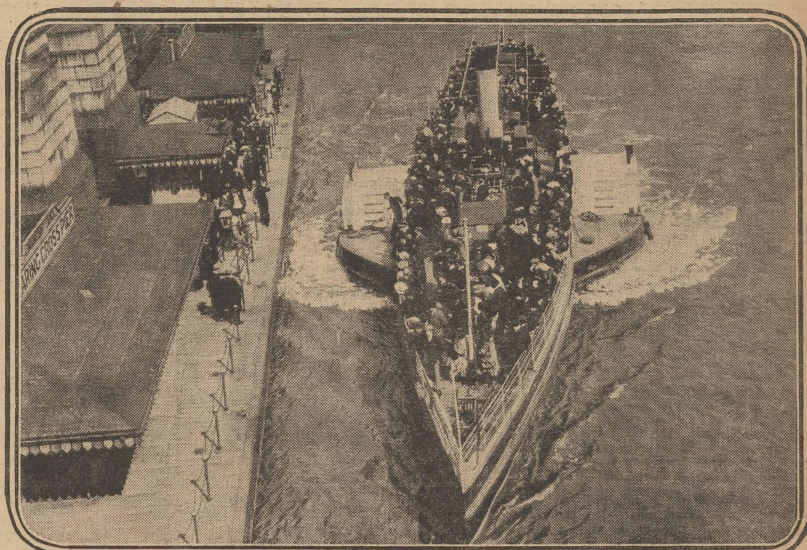
TERROR AND DESOLATION.



Firemen engaged in removing the wreckage of the roof of the central arch had fallen on it from Vesuvius. One hundred and thirty-eight were sweeping up the lava and ashes which lay feet deep in all the streets. The scene at the foot of Vesuvius.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the DAY'S NEWS

L.C.C. STEAMERS CROWDED WITH PASSENGERS.



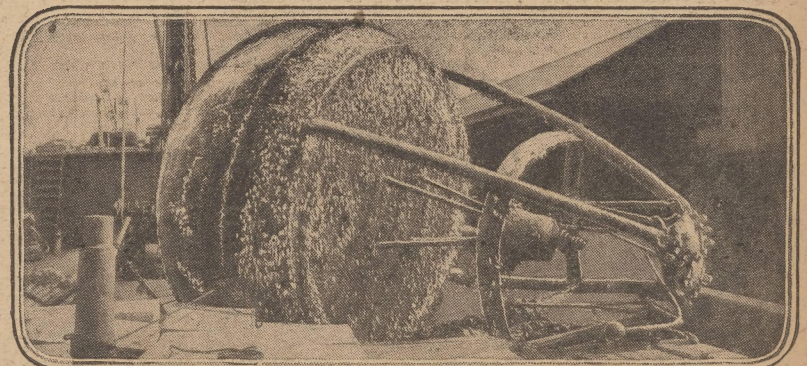
The unusual sight of L.C.C. steamers crowded with passengers was to be seen yesterday. The bright sunshine and holiday season combined to induce people to take trips and enjoy the fresh air of the river.

OPENING OF THE CRICKET SEASON AT THE OVAL.



Yesterday the Gentlemen of England, captained by Dr. W. G. Grace, opposed Surrey at the Oval. No. 1 is "W. G." returning to the pavilion, No. 2 Mr. A. E. Lawton coming out to bat, and No. 3 Mr. C. L. Townsend.

No. 60.—AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION



Amateur photographers are invited to send interesting news photographs to the *Daily Mirror*. For each one used 10s. 6d. will be paid, and every week a £2 2s. prize will be awarded to the sender of the picture adjudged by the Editor to be the best. No. 60, sent in by Mr. W. G. Ward, 237, West Ferry-road, Millwall, shows the Bell Buoy, picked up off the coast of Norway by the ss. Argyle. It has been derelict for four years.

By Right of Love.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER LIII.

The opportunity Susan sought came to her that very night, for amongst the cards of invitation to various social functions—cards which had needed neither acceptance nor refusal, and which Flora accordingly had left heaped up on her sister's writing-table—Susan discovered, looking through them hurriedly now, an invitation to a big "At Home" that her aunt, the Duchess of Sefton, was giving that evening.

All London would be going, and Henrietta would certainly be bound to put in an appearance. Very well, she should meet Susan there—the wife of the man she had wronged—and under the roof of her great kinswoman Susan felt that courage would come to her, courage to defy Henrietta. She did not tell Chester what she intended to do. Let him go to the House as usual. There was to be a keen and sharp debate that evening, and he must needs be at his post; also the woman realised that she must not have her husband with her when she challenged Henrietta. It would be impossible to speak freely with Chester by her side. It would place the man in too terrible a position. No, her husband mustn't be with her, she must face Henrietta alone.

She was careful not to let Chester suspect that she was going out that evening, but hurried him off to the House, laughingly remarking that she had not come to London to distract him from his duties, also she admitted she was tired—spoke vaguely of a headache, and led him to believe that she intended to go to bed early.

No wonder she was tired, poor girl, so Paul thought pitifully as he drove back to the House, and though he hated to leave Susan—for the longing was so strong on him to be with her, yet it was surely better that she should rest and not be distracted by his society—stirred by his caresses. For she had gone through a good deal during the last twenty-four hours, enough to knock up a far stronger woman than the delicate, fragile creature who resembled nothing so much as a swaying, windblown flower. Certainly he was glad she was going quietly to bed, and had not suggested accompanying him to the House; for she must take infinite care of herself, this dear, precious woman. He must not lose the treasure he had found.

He would take Susan abroad at once, so he decided to himself, give up all dreams of a big career, and devote the rest of his life to making his wife happy. For he wouldn't expose that delicate, sensitive creature to a humiliating struggle

with Henrietta, and he couldn't bear the thought that Susan might be socially ostracised on account of the slander told about himself.

In the meantime, whilst her husband was driving to the House, Susan stood before the glass, smiling at her own reflection; for her maid had just clothed her in a wonderful Paquin frock. A gossamer, filmy robe, which suited her fragile beauty and gave her a look of almost ethereal loveliness.

"Bring my pearls," she said, feeling that she must wear no coloured gems to-night; she must be all in white, like innocence, and she was not sorry that she looked so pale. She felt that it was better so, for she had an instinctive feeling that it would be good to present as great a contrast to Henrietta as possible when they stood up against each other to be judged by their world.

She prayed softly to God as she drove along in her carriage to her aunt's great mansion in Park-lane, and a curious confidence came to her as she made her way up the great staircase pressing on with the throng of guests, for she was certain that God would help her in what she was going to do—He would support and strengthen her.

Everyone seemed surprised to see her. She had noticed that as she sipped coffee before making her way up the crowded staircase, also a slight chilliness in the way her friends and acquaintances greeted her—an imperceptible air of reserve, though naturally enough they had to be outwardly polite to a niece of their hostess; but she couldn't help realising that not the least reference or inquiry was made after her husband—and she felt the slight.

Her aunt Louisa, Duchess of Sefton—the lucky elder sister of poor Lady Amplett—was standing at the head of the great staircase, an imposing enough figure in a gown of grey brocade, wearing the famous Sefton rubies, talking as usual in a high, somewhat imperative, voice, and waving a big white fan. But the Duchess started, and her jaw dropped, when she caught sight of her niece, and, for a second, her brow wrinkled with annoyance, for her grace had heard the ugly story that people were telling about her nephew by marriage—the man one of poor Laura's girls had married, and she detested anything in the nature of a scandal, and was in her way a rigid moralist. However, blood is thicker than water, and she kissed Susan with some affection.

"I never expected you here to-night, my dear," she observed, detaining her niece's hand in her own, and gazing searchingly into the girl's white face. "I thought you were in the country, stay-

ing at Amplett. I should go back if I were you, Sue, and take that husband of yours with you."

She lowered her voice to a husky whisper, afraid of being overheard by the guests stirring up and down the stairs.

"Make Paul resign his seat—and at once, child. Hide both your heads till the stir is over—go abroad."

"No," returned Susan, "we are not going to do that, Aunt Louisa." Then she passed into the great reception-room, for it was impossible to speak more fully to her aunt at the moment. Distinguished guests were waiting for their hostess's conventional handshake, and Susan had to make way for them.

An immense crowd filled the big drawing-room, turning it into a huge flower-garden, so gay the women's dresses, so pink and full blown the effect of their faces and shoulders; and the diamonds flashing, quivering, and glinting everywhere were like shining dewdrops sprinkled over an emerald meadow.

A famous band was making music in a conservatory which led out of the huge drawing-room, but no one took the least interest in the music, everyone was talking at the top of his or her voice, and the hum of conversation was deafening.

It was very hot, and the warm, heavily-scented atmosphere made Susan feel faint for a second. She smelt the perfume of hair, and the curious fragrance which distilled itself from the soft, creamy-white skins of the women who pressed about her on either side, the perfume of orris roots and violets the faint and delicate steam of powder. To each woman her own fragrance, her own essence-scented handkerchief and sachet, scented clothes.

"Good gracious, Sue, what are you doing here?"

Susan started and flinched. The throng of guests had surged her forward, close to where her sister, Lady Agnes, was standing—prim, immaculate Agnes, who surveyed the other with cold and accusing eyes, and barely vouchsafed a civil handshake.

"How could you show up to-night," she exclaimed low under her breath, "just when everybody is talking about the fool Paul has made of himself? It is a horrible thing for your family, and you might have kept him more in hand, Sue. I do think, and not allowed him to ruin himself as he has done by presuming to make love to the Duchess of Berkshire."

"He didn't!" Susan clenched the fan she carried with nervous, quivering fingers, clenched it so tightly that the ivory toy flew into fragments. "It's all an infamous lie," she went on, "and it is to show my belief in Paul that I am here to-night, dear Agnes—stick up for him, too. Give a big dinner, and ask us to it. Do something to help me—your sister."

"And be squashed by the Berkshires—no, thank you." Agnes flushed a pale brick-dust pink. "I

am not going to risk a quarrel with the most powerful woman in England," she continued peevishly, "by taking up Paul's cudgels—Paul, who ought to be heartily ashamed of himself—ill-bred, horrible man."

She was moving away from Susan, obviously anxious not to be seen talking to her sister, when a sudden stir passing through the packed room made Lady Agnes glance towards the doorway, and there, halting on the threshold, smiling sweetly at her hostess, stood Henrietta.

She was all in black—in a sequin coat of mail—and she wore a spear-pointed diamond crown, and round her throat a necklace of wonderful, gleaming opals—opals which seemed on fire.

She shone and glittered more than any other woman in the huge assembly, and her sparkling black robe set off the glory of her flaming hair, also her figure had a certain look more sinuous, more graceful, more alluring, for her bodice was cut as low as it could be and the whiteness of her neck and breast was dazzling.

She wore no sleeves, two black velvet shoulder-straps fastened with diamond buckles, and she carried a great knot of white gardenias in her hand, also she had tucked more of the flowers into her bodice, and their glossy green leaves stood out boldly against her warm, white breast, and the heavy scent of the flowers floated about her. She was as exotic in her way as they were.

"Look, Susan," Lady Agnes spoke in a hoarse whisper. "There's the Duchess herself. Oh, for goodness' sake, go away quietly, and don't risk meeting her. Leave by the other door before she comes into the room."

A strained look came into Lady Agnes's eyes as she spoke; it was obvious that the woman dreaded a scene. She plucked nervously at her lace handkerchief, and looked at her sister as if she could have taken Susan by her two shoulders and thrust the latter forth.

"Ah, she has arrived!" There was a strange, fierce note in Susan's voice, and she drew herself up to her full height, then glanced at Lady Agnes.

"I came here to-night on purpose to meet the Duchess of Berkshire," she said quietly; but her voice was full of a curious intensity. "For I have something to say to her, Agnes, something she must hear and answer."

Then, before her sister could stop her, Susan made her quiet, steady way to the door, men and women moving hastily aside to give her passage, gazing at her with curious, startled eyes, a strange silence coming over the crowded room, a mysterious pause in the din of tongues.

Henrietta, bending gracefully over her hostess in the doorway, turned her head, and stared into the reception-room, wondering over the sudden lull; but when she saw Susan advancing to meet her she started and held her breath.

(To be continued.)

SKIN-CULTURE

Essential to Health, Happiness, and Beauty.

EVERYONE knows that comfort, beauty, and happiness are all impossible if one's skin is marred by unsightly spots or eruptions—signs of spring brought to the surface by March winds and April showers; or if one is tortured day and night with itching, inflamed sores.

But there are few who realise the immense influence of a healthy skin upon the health of the whole body. An eminent medical writer says: "The skin . . . purifies the body. In proportion as it acts well or ill, we are well or sick." The logical fact is that the skin needs more care than any other organ of the body.

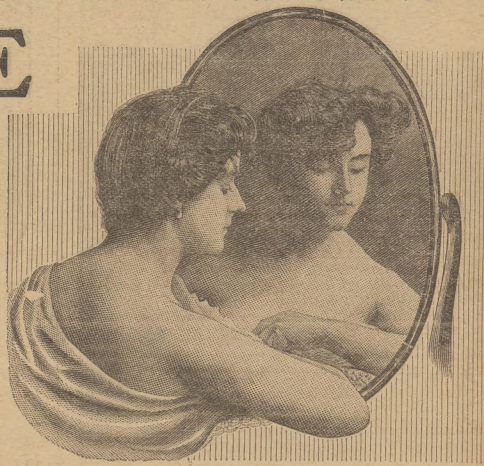
At this season your body is busy spring cleaning, and the skin has a big share of the work. Only by constant care can it be kept in health and working order; and if it is neglected all sorts of spring sicknesses—in addition to skin troubles themselves—may follow.

Examine your skin frequently and carefully, and treat the slightest manifestation of disorder with Zam-Buk. Those spots, bitches, eruptions, or irritating rashes may prove to be only temporary troubles, but they prove the existence of difficulties, and beware chronic skin disease!

The secret of Zam-Buk's success is that it helps Nature naturally—induces conditions which enable the porous machinery to work properly. Whether your trouble be a tiny mark or a mass of ugly sores, thorough dressings with Zam-Buk have an almost instantaneous cleansing effect. Zam-Buk kills germs, expels disease even from the innermost recesses of the tissue—where its refinement and purity enable it to penetrate—soothes pain, reduces inflammation, and absolutely ends irritation.

Finally, Zam-Buk helps to build new flesh if disease has destroyed it, or covers a once raw and broken surface with new, soft skin. Thus the whole tissue is made sound and strong, and the skin, freed from blemish, scar, or irritability, is able to keep both itself and the body healthy.

Miss B. BOOLEY, of 55, Chief Street, Oldham, writes: "I had a pimple on my ear. I suppose I caused a sore place by rubbing it, and the irritation spread all over my ear. I was strongly urged to see a doctor, but refused, and tried some ordinary ointments without success. Then I heard of Zam-Buk and tried that. I used to bathe the ear every night and then smear the Zam-Buk all over the sores. They began to disappear with the first application, and my ear was soon perfectly healed and clear. I have had other proofs of Zam-Buk's merit, and my experience is that it is always ready, easily applied, and one can always rely upon its doing good wherever it is applied."



Zam-Buk is a combination (never previously secured) of the healing gums, saps, and juices obtained from plants and herbs. These rich products are carefully selected from the medicinal vegetation of various countries, wonderfully refined, cleverly concentrated, and combined with consummate skill. No random animal fats or mineral products, such as tender ordinary cosmetics, creams, lotions, complexion aids, &c., so coarse, risky, and useless, are present in Zam-Buk. It is an absolutely safe and effective skin-cure, which should find a place in every home.

Zam-Buk

KEEP A BOX HANDY.

FREE BOX.

Zam-Buk has proved invaluable for spring pimples, blackheads, blotches, eczema, chafing, itch, sores, sore feet, weak ankles, ringworm, sprains, strains, stiffness, bad legs, piles, swollen knees, inflamed patches, abscesses, excessive perspiration, scalp irritation, poisoned wounds, cuts, bruises, and for all diseased, injured, and irritated conditions of the skin.

All chemists sell Zam-Buk in 1/12 or 2/9 boxes (2/9 size contains nearly 4 times as much as the 1/12), or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Red-cross Street, London, E.C.

We want you to test Zam-Buk free. Cut out this Coupon and send with 1d. stamp to ZAM-BUK CO., Greek St., Leeds, when a dainty Free Sample Box will be sent you at once. "Daily Mirror," April 17, 1906.

TIMIDITY IN THE CRICKET FIELD.

Modern Players Compare Unfavourably With Their Forerunners.

IDLENESS AND LUXURY.

Is the cricketer to-day as hardy as he used to be? The first-class cricketer certainly is not—though we may grant that he plays a great many more games in a season than his predecessor was wont to play; and that is his excuse for doing everything with the minimum of risk, exertion, or personal inconvenience.

From whatever point of view we regard his course, says a correspondent of the "Times," all the footsteps point the same way. Cricket, after all, is an athletic contest; and there is perhaps no athletic competitor who distresses himself so slightly as the modern first-class cricketer playing regularly, whether he be called amateur or professional. Roundly speaking, the modern amateur does no work at all half the year; and in addition to the month he has spent at a practice net preparing for the season, he needs, he assures us, a month's holiday afterwards. It is a quaint situation and surely a little un-English. A holiday for cricket we understand, but a holiday from cricket for the amateur—for the man who plays it for sheer joy—seems to suggest a paradox.

ALWAYS IN THE EYE OF THE CAMERA.

The modern cricketer is not prone to get up before the day is aired, and he breakfasts delicately at his hotel. He is the victim of the snapshot in most positions and attitudes, but he is not handed down to fame in the act of carrying his bag. The hansom cab as often as not assists him to the cricket ground. The intelligent foreigner is now prepared for some tremendous effort, for surely this careful husbanding of energy is not without a purpose. But only in rare cases does it come. Mr. Breatley bowls his fastest for three hours at a stretch. Mr. Jessop, bowling, batting, or fielding, never spares himself for a moment. Denton, Hirst, Hayes, Tyldesley, and others are practically always on the tops of their toes. But it is not so with the majority. We see tired cricket early on the first day of a match. The batsman is the first offender. He will not strike the ball. So the bowler bowls mechanically on the off-side of the wicket in the hope that his patience may give way. Meanwhile, why should the fieldsmen strain every nerve? The ball will surely not be hit to him. A very bad length ball, if within reach of the bat, may be deflected to the boundary, but in that case someone in the crowd will throw it up.

AMBLE DOWN THE FIELD.

When the wicket-keeper has failed to take a fast ball on the leg-side (or the batsman has snicked it fine) it speeds to the pavilion rails. How well do we know the procedure of short slip or cover slip! The gentle amble dying down into a shuffle and thence into a walk, and the wistful look, pathetic in its mute appeal! Will no lazy spectator get up, go out of the gate, throw up the ball, and so save this poor fellow a needless journey?

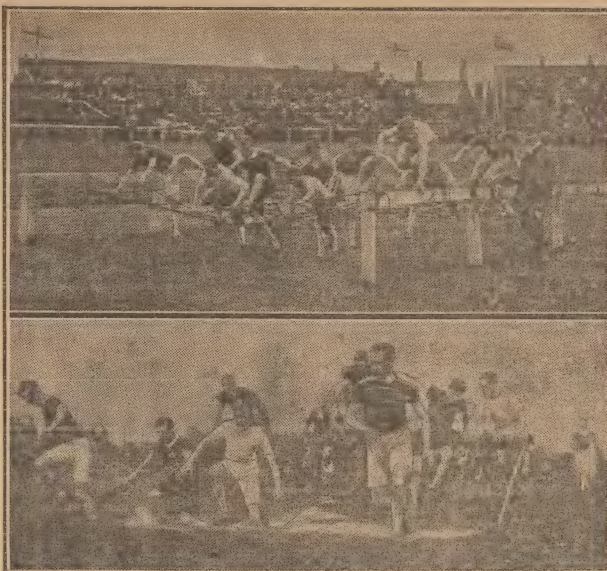
But perhaps the most important lapse from ancient custom is the tendency to avoid, rather than to brave, possible danger. Where is the "silly mid-on"? Boyle the Australian and Mr. A. G. Steel, amongst others, attending these days gone by, performed prodigies of skill and valour. "Point" has a growing inclination to drift backwards. When the bowling is over medium pace the wicket-keeper retires. Also, there are great outries if a fast bowler bowls a little short on the leg-side of the wicket. He is presumed to be trying to injure the batsman. Kanjisimji would delight in the treatment, and the analysis of that bowler would suffer severely. The great Spofforth had no terrors for Mr. Grace, even when he had found or made a "spot."

THE MODERN "BUTTER-FINGERS."

Now we read that so-and-so was "fool enough to put his bowing-end in the way of a hot one." A cricket ball would really seem to be a much more dangerous affair than it used to be. A catch is hit which realises four runs; but the ball, en route for the boundary, meets with temporary obstruction at the hands of a fieldsmen. A familiar pantomime ensues. Two or three sympathetic comrades gather round the wounded one and stroke the injured finger tenderly. They catch hold of their own fingers and explain to each other how the accident happened. The sufferer himself explains most of all. We can translate this little play without words with surprising accuracy. "Couldn't see the thing against that great bank of black in the pavilion. Really, they ought to have screens right across the ground at both ends. Lucky it didn't get me in the face, etc."

It is virility and hardihood which first-class cricket needs at the present time, even at a sacrifice of the scientific. If necessary, let us only have half the number of cricket matches in a season to which we are now accustomed; but in each one of them we want to see every man of the twenty-two unsparing of himself, and straining every nerve to win the particular game in which he is taking part.

SALFORD HARRIERS' SPRING MEETING AT MANCHESTER.



The Salford Harriers held a most successful meeting at Manchester. There was a record entry of 550 for the different events. The photographs show the obstacle race; the top one the men climbing over the net, the lower the water jump.

TATTOOING IN A TIGER'S CAGE.



Mr. Alfred South tattooed a tiger-tamer named Henry Hendriksen on his forearm with the likeness of a tiger. In order to get a good portrait Mr. South entered the tiger's cage and tattooed a picture from life. At the first attempt the tiger sprang and overstepped the table of implements, but afterwards sat quietly during the hour and a half's sitting.

BRITISH ATHLETES OFF TO ATHENS.

Excellent Team Leaves London to Take Part in the Olympic Games.

At ten o'clock yesterday morning the majority of the gallant folk who are to uphold Britain's prestige in the forthcoming Olympic games left Victoria en route for Athens.

This country is particularly anxious to do well in the games this year, and win back some of the laurels lost in 1896, when the historic festival was revived after a lapse of some 1,500 years. The poor show we made on that occasion was largely owing to the non-arrival of the official intimation of the revival till the middle of March, and the consequent want of preparation.

The games at which the King and Queen will probably be present will take place in the Panathenaeum Stadium, a magnificent arena capable of holding 70,000 spectators.

They begin on April 22 and end on May 2, and include flat races at various distances from about 110 yards to five miles, the usual jumps, throwing the discus, wrestling, tug-of-war, climbing the rope, gymnastics, lawn-tennis, Association football,

fencing, swimming, rowing, bicycle races, and shooting.

A particularly interesting race is the Marathon, run on the high road from Marathon to Athens, a distance of about twenty-six miles. Competitors must be over twenty-one years of age. Judging by the presentations taken, many of the runners in this trying event are expected to drop out.

At every mile will be stationed a squad of four soldiers under a non-commissioned officer, and about every four miles an ambulance and carriages, nurses, doctors, and attendants will follow the race.

As regards England's chances, the records of the Athens meeting ten years ago could most of them be beaten by our men. The long jump, for instance, was won with a jump of 20ft. 9in. O'Connor, the English representative, has jumped close on 25ft. With him, Halswell, the champion quarter-miler of England and Scotland; Cornwallis, the famous Oxford half-miler; Churchill, who holds the inter-Varsity cross-country record; W. D. Anderson, the holder of the 400, 800, and 1,600 metre flat races, as well as the 110 hurdle race and 1,500 walking race; and such men as Derbyshire and Jarvis (swimming), and Lord Desborough, Lord Howard de Walden, and Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon (fencing) to represent us, we ought not to be far behind, particularly when such spirit as that of Fowler Dixon, A.A.A. fifty miles champion—who, though fifty-six years of age, enters for the Marathon Race—still animates us.

A Remarkable Restorative.

When you feel "below par" and are in need of something to restore your Energy and Strength, you should take a Restorative that does not depend upon alcohol for its effect.

The Strength-giving qualities of Guy's Tonic are due to its beneficial action upon the Stomach, Liver, and Nerves. The splendid results that always follow Guy's Tonic are lasting, because it is a true Tonic—not a stimulant.

GUY'S TONIC is sold at 1/4 and 2/9 per Bottle by Chemists and Stores throughout the World.

FREE GIFT TO ALL USERS OF HOE'S SAUCE "ZILLA."

By Cecil W. Qunnell, R.B.A.

A magnificent reproduction of this lovely picture size 23in. by 17in., printed in twenty-two colours by Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd. Art Printers to their Majesties, will be sent post paid in exchange for 12 wrappers taken from Hoe's Sauce bottles and addressed to "Zilla," Art Dept. HOE & CO., Limited, 259, Deansgate, Manchester.

10/- DOWN BUYS OUR 'Royal Ajax' Cycle

Payments only 10/- per Month. Price £6 Net.

Immense Stock Splendid Second-hand Machines. Write for our 60-page Free Price List.

THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO., Ltd., (F.A. Dept.), 80, Edgware-road, London, W.

HACKNEY FURNISHING CO., LTD.

THE MODEL SYSTEM. NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

Worth.	Per Month.	HANDSOME GUIDE AND CATALOGUE
20/-	2 0 0	POST FREE.
30/-	0 17 0	COUNTRY ORDERS DELIVERED FREE.
40/-	1 5 0	
50/-	1 8 0	
100/-	2 3 0	
200/-	4 10 0	

TOWN HALL BUILDINGS, Mare Street, Hackney, N.E.

Country customers will kindly note that we supply them upon our general London terms.

CAUTION.—We supply all our goods at the prices advertised, and strictly adhere to our TERMS.

CAUTION.—Please note HACKNEY FURNISHING CO. PAINTED OVER THE PREMISES before entering. We are compelled to notify this in consequence of unscrupulous imitators deceiving many of our customers.

Hours 9 till 8. Thursdays close. Telegrams: "Furnishments, London." Telephone: 84 Dalston, and 854 North. A. M. STEWART, Managing Director.

SEND 9d. DEPOSIT. 1/- WEEKLY.

BLACK, NAVY, GREY, BROWN. This beautiful Costume Skirt, usual Price 10s. 6d., made and sent to any address on receipt of 9d. deposit and instalments 1s. weekly or more. No references. Tailor-made skirts illustration, cut very full, and shaped with foot pleats. Handsome Ribbon given free, for cash within 7 days. Send P.O. Order to Foster & Co., Dept. B.52, 15, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4.

FREE FASHION BOOK

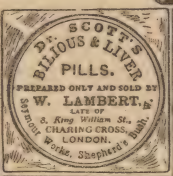
Hundreds of illustrations. All that is best and newest in Dresses, Costumes, Dress Materials, etc., at prices which save about 75% on the retail. Write for book "J." J. & A. DANIELS, 207-209, Regent Terrace, London.



In all ailments there is always satisfaction in obtaining medical advice. No matter how attractive the claims of a quack remedy may be, there is a feeling of uncertainty lest the medicine be just the thing for the complaint.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

are the prescription of a Medical Man, who for many years administered them successfully in the most obstinate cases of INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, HEART-BURN, NERVOUS DEPRESSION, &c. If you are a sufferer from these health-destroying disorders you can feel certain that you are taking the remedy of a qualified man and a specialist in your complaint. Dr. SCOTT'S BILIOUS & LIVER PILLS are composed of the most harmless but curative drugs which can be safely taken by old and young alike. They have the reputation of years and thousands of permanent cures of INDIGESTION and its attendant complaints. Ask your Chemist for them, and see that you get them. Wrapped in square green packages. Is. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per box.



WOOD-MILNE HEELS

make the hardest pavement feel like a soft, thick carpet.

Wherever you go you carry your carpet with you, a shield of new Para Rubber full of spring and life, that will protect your nerves from the shock of every step and prevent your boot heels wearing down.

Wood-Milne Heels last eighteen months, and by keeping your boot in shape makes them last too.

Get two pairs. Look for the sign of genuineness on each heel, the name—

"Wood-Milne"

37/6 SUIT FOR 19/11

7 DAYS' OFFER. We have been successful in obtaining direct from our Mills marvellous line of Worsted Suits, usually sold at no less than 37/6. These are absolutely newest designs for 1906. We are offering these Suits, which defy efforts of all other tailors, 37/6 Worsted SUIT for 19/11, to measure. We guarantee all goods ordered during sale will be made and trimmed in our usual best style. **FURTHER OFFER.**—We have decided to reduce our World-renowned 27/6 Suits to measure to 25/11 and in addition present to every purchaser of a Suit at 25/11 or higher price, either a pair of Lady's or Gent's Boots or Shoes free, or a parcel of 18/- Trouser to measure. You will thus obtain a 27/6 SUIT for 15/11. **ANOTHER SPECIAL OFFER.**—In order to further convince the public what exceptional value for money we are offering, we will present to every purchaser of a pair of our world-famous Worsted Trousers, to measure, for 7/6 or higher price, 1 dozen Gent's Collars, in any shape or depth, usually sold at not less than 5/11. **DO NOT MISS THIS OFFER.** These Trousers will cost you 1/7. D.M. THOMPSON BROS., Tailors, Ltd., 3, Oxford Street, W. and 84, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C.



TROUSERS 1/7

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

POLYTECHNIC CONDUCTED TOURS.

Best of all Continental Holidays. Full detailed programme of over 40 tours for the coming season free on application. The Polytechnic, 309, Regent Street, W.

PERSONAL.

"LINEAL LINIMENT the 5-minutes Pain Cure."
52.—Safe. Did you see "Good Friday's"? Important. Must decide. Anxious to write. Can you call—YOUR BOY.
DEAREST.—Person's campaign. Doctor, another (elusive) "ordinary". Child cried. Explanation refused. Provoked. Deepest love.—PROMISED.

. The above advertisements are charged at the rate of nine words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror", 15, Whitefriars, London.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH.—Order direct to ensure finest quality and value; fish, 2s. 6d., 2lb. 2s. 6d., 1lb. 2s. 6d., 1/2lb. 2s. 6d.; 2lb. 5s. carriage paid; dressed for cooking; prompt delivery; no inferior quality; schools, convents, institutions, note; list particulars free; selected cured fish.—Star Fish Co. Grimsby. (Quote paper).

SYMONS' DEVON CYDER.

Made from Selected Apples. See Analyst's Reports. Special Brands—"IMPERIAL" and "APPLE & BUD SOU". Supplied in Casks and Bottles by the 1 leading Bottlers. TOTTENHAM, DEVON; and RATCLIFF, LONDON, E.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BELL Canadian organs, pianos, and piano-pianos: cash or easy payments; catalogue free.—The Piano Organ Company, Limited, 49, Holborn Viaduct, London.

ITALIAN Mandoline, genuine, only 15s. 6d., in saddle-made case; approval.—Tompert, 27, Balham-Bill, Balham.

BUSINESSSES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

THOSE commencing or established as tobacconist, stationer, 6d. bazar, fancy goods dealer, or confectioner; complete trade guide. 6d.—Franklin Brothers, 15 Dept. 129, 129, Houndsditch, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

AMBITIOUS Men anxious to get on should join the School of Motoring; prospectus 2d.—Berry-st, Liverpool; 255, Danagate, Manchester; and Loret-st, Southampton.
YOU can earn 1s. per hour—does this interest you? Liberal commission; free samples to Agents.—Write, K. 89, Aldgate-st, London.

YOUNG Man wanted to represent a well-known London firm; liberal terms and good prospects; to suitable applicant.—Write A. 1055, "Daily Mirror", 12, Whitefriars-st, E.C.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A.A.A.A.—How to Make Money with a Small Capital.—Write for particulars, mentioning this paper, to Mrs. Anderson and Co., 51, Bishopsgate-st Within, London, E.C.

PRIVATE Advances immediately to all classes, £10 to £20,000 on note of hand alone; no securities, securities, or fees; most moderate terms; repayments to suit clients; towns or country. Phone 312 Bank. Before paying fees or borrowing elsewhere apply to the actual lenders. Seymour and Whitehead, 32, Wood Lane, London, E.C.

£5 to £1,000 lent without delay, on note of hand alone, to all responsible persons; easy payments; no fees charged.—Call or write, A. Adams, 10, Southville, Clapham Common, S.W.

HORSES, VEHICLES, ETC.

200 Pairs Caster Barrow Wheels; new; cheap.—G.S. New Kent-st, E.E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Treatise on nervous diseases, exhaustion, and varicose in men by local absorption; fully up to the advanced ideas on the subject; post free 3 stamps. The Marston Co., 59 and 60, Chancery-lane, London.

ELECTROLYSIS.—Superfluous hair permanently removed; advice free.—Florence Wood (certificated), 105, Regent-st, W. Hours, 11 to 9 daily.

ELECTROLYSIS.—Superfluous hair permanently removed; 3 sittings for 1 guinea.—May Melroyd (medically trained), 115, New Bond-st.

"HOW MONEY MAKES MONEY."

Forwarded Post Free. Everyone with a few pounds spare capital should write for the above Pamphlet. Which clearly explains how £10 may be invested to return £2 10s. Weekly Profit. Previous Experience Unnecessary. Lower or more sum in proportion. Fraser Greig and Co., 11, Queen Victoria-st, London, E.C.



The TABLE D'HÔTE

The ANTIDOTE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

GIGANTIC SALE

PREVIOUS TO

L & P

ALTERATIONS AND ENLARGEMENT OF PREMISES. ALL GOODS PACKED FREE. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT APPROVED.



The L & P DRAWING-ROOM SUITE. Upholstered in Silk Tapestry, £28 15s.

NO INTEREST CHARGES. CREDIT AT CASH PRICES. 1, 2, or 3 Years' System.



LONDON & PROVINCIAL FURNISHING Co., 248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W. (OXFORD STREET END).

OPEN UNTIL 9 p.m., including SATURDAYS DURING SALE.

A Wonderful Achievement.

The success which is attending the great issue of The International Library of 20 large volumes of "Lloyd's News" is both gratifying and highly remarkable. The enterprise involves the sending out of 4,000,000 volumes, the biggest issue of books ever known. Those who desire to know more about this interesting project can obtain a Free Book of 120 pages, giving specimen pages and illustrations, by simply writing for it. For further particulars appear on page 15.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.
A.A.A.—Smart suits to measure on improved system. 10s. monthly.—J. Adams, 140, Strand (opp. Gaiety). Tel. 15673 Central.
ASTORFORDING Office—Magnificent spring Dress Lengths, from 4s. 11d. Tweeds, hosiery, ties, etc.; pattern free.—Manchester Warehouse, Leeds.
COURSET Comfort—Beacon Corsets, fine white drill, one pounder, 2s. 11d.; approval; state size.—Corsetrie M. 68, Northgate, Halifax.
DAINTY House Materials, 22d. to 2s. 6d. yard; spring patterns new ready.—Manchester Warehouse, Leeds.
HIGGINS—Tailoring on monthly payments; also costumes and boots; entirely new stock; call or write for patterns and terms.—West End Tailors 65, 105, Chancery-lane.
OSTRICH Long Marabout Stole; seven strands; rich brown; 9s. 6d.; approval.—Maid, 42a, Clapham-rd.
PURE Linen Direct—Less than 1/2 price; 42in. Danish Cloth, 1s. 6d. 1/2, 2s. 11d.; 30in. Apron Linen, 10d. yd.; Samples Free.—Hutton's, 81, Lane, Ireland.
2s. 6d. Down will secure you fashionable Suit or Overcoat to measure.—Scott and Co., Mount Erie Credit, Valence, 10, Chancery and 266, Edgware-rd., W.

Articles for Disposal.

A.—Art Case Baby's Mallet, gondola shape, very handsome design; owner will sacrifice high-class carriage for 24s. 6d.; carriage paid; 3 positions; quite new; approval before payment; photo.—Factor, 30, Brookside, Stoke Newington.
A.—Art Case Baby's Mallet.—Lady will sacrifice high-class carriage; elegant design; silver-plated fittings; 3 positions; quite new; accept 32s.; carriage paid; approval before payment; photo.—Rev., 12, Canonbury, Islington, London, N.

BABY Cars direct from factory on approval; carriage paid; we save you 6s. in 41; cash or easy payments from 3s. 6d. monthly; send for splendid new catalogue free.—Direct Public Supply Co., Dept. 56, Coventry.

BARGAIN—Table Cutlery: 22 table, 12 dessert knives; carvers and steel; ivory-balanced handles. 16s. 6d.; approval.—Captain, 29, Holland-st., S.W.

CHIP Potato and Cookshop Fittings; every variety; champion ranges, potato peelers; new 127-page list free.—Mabbott's, Poland-st., Manchester.

EASTLE SALE—GREAT BARGAINS.—Lady's 16-ct. rolled gold necklace 5s., long strands 5s., best Persian diamond paste brooch 1s. 6d., lady's 9-ct. gold jewelled movement watch, good timekeeper, 17s. 6d.; lady's 9-ct. diamond rings, beautifully set with best Persian paste diamonds, 6s.; rolled gold bangles, large variety from 7s. 6d. to 10s.; all goods on six days' trial; money returned if goods not approved of.—Wright Jewellery Stores, 4, Solihull-rd., South Croydon.

FREE Catalogue Artistic Blinds, Curtains, etc.—Marple and Co., Dept. 10, Nottingham.

FREE.—30 assorted samples of the famous Rob Roy Pen 5d. post free.—Hinks, Wells, and Co., Birmingham.

LIGNOT Paper Blinds, each rolled on roll; cheap, durable, strong; soldier's pattern.—Gills, Hockley-rd., W.

PICTORIAL Postcards; 50 fine coloured and assorted, 1s.—Publisher, 6, Grafton-sq., Clapham.

PICTURE Postcards (beautiful coloured views, etc.); 25, 5d.; 50, 10s.; 100, 1s. 4d.; all different; post free; agents wanted.—Perrin Bros., Harlesden, N.W.

SECOND-HAND Furniture.—Property of Col. R. leaving for abroad. —Carved oak dining-room suite, 9 guineas; large carved oak sideboard, 7 guineas, and other contents of the room equally cheap. The drawing-room of Louis XIV. design; Chesterfield silk suite, 14 guineas; overmantel 55s.; large cabinet, 7 guineas, etc. The morning-room suite, 4 guineas; sideboard, 45s.; dining table, 21s. Bedroom suites from 23 10s. to 40 guineas; brass bedsteads, 30s. 6d. up to 2 guineas; upright pianos—one 11 guineas and the other 18 guineas. Quantity of good second-hand carpets. On view 9 till 9 (Thursday) 9 till 9. Can remain stored free of charge. sent, carriage paid, to any part.—Siegens's Repository 272 and 274, Fenchurch-lane, London. Directly facing King's Cross Station (Metropolitan Rail way).

SOLD silver-plated Spoons and Forks; A1 quality; presentation service, comprising 6 each 130 pieces; 15s. 6d.; approval.—Lady, 65, Handforth-rd., S.W.

TYPEWRITERS.—Routings, Oliver's, Yeats, Smiths etc.; all makes; shop-kept and second-hand; low prices; good condition; send for list, or call and inspect stock; everything for the typist.—Comme Company, 73a, Queen Victoria-st. London. E.C. Telephone 5410 Bank.

UNIQUE Opportunity.—Hand-painted Cushion Covers, filled, fast colours, 1s. 6d.—For Store, Dept. M., Half-Far.

6s. 6d.—Race, Field, Marine Glasses; achromatic crystal lenses; long range; in leather-made case; approval.—Field & Grafton, Clapham.

12s. 6d.; Case 6 pairs silver hall-marked mounted ivory handles Hair Knives and Forks; approval.—Emanuel, 31, Clapham-rd.

Wanted to Purchase.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward by post full value per return or offer made.—Messrs. M. Browning Manufacturing Dentists, 133, Oxford-st. (opposite Berners-st.), London. (Established 100 years).

OLD Artificial Teeth Bought.—Dr. Page's pays the highest prices; call or post; immediate cash.—219, Oxford-street, London. Firm established 150 years.

EDUCATIONAL.

CLARK'S COLLEGE.—NEW EASTER TERM Classes now forming.

17,000 positions slightly below standards in the Civil Service and Best Business Houses.

JOIN THE NEW CLASSES. 8 per cent. reduction this week. Prospectus Free. Call or write.

CLARK'S COLLEGE, 1, 2 and 3, CHANCERY-LANE, W.C.

VOILE DRESS LENGTH 9/6

6d. DEPOSIT.

EMANUEL & CO., D.M. Dept. 31, Clapham Road.

DRESSES MADE IN PARIS FOR THE FUTURE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

THE ROYAL TROUSSEAU.

WHAT LAFERRIERE OF PARIS HAS CONTRIBUTED.

Her Royal Highness Princess Ena of Battenberg is, says one of her dressmakers, specially pleased with the brilliance of the gold, silver, crystal, and coloured embroideries that are being applied to some of her lovely robes. She is so young a princess that up to now her wardrobe has naturally not contained many toilettes of so stately a nature as those now being prepared for her to wear as a queen.

The young bride-to-be will, one may feel certain, specially approve of a satin robe that simply scin-

Puffed sleeves made of lace reach almost to the elbows, and are bordered with little ruffles of crêpe de Chine.

A superb evening coat is included in the order, made mainly of lace, and rendered very handsome by stoles of lace decorated with golden grapes, which form of ornamentation also covers the shoulders, both back and front, and looks most effective.

FASHION NOTES.

Tiny gold roses are seen on some of the smartest of the spring hats.

Velvet ribbon is used to a very great extent at this moment for the trimming of frocks in bows, ruchings, and rosettes.

Among the thin materials that lend themselves to the making of exquisite negligées are the new

A curious fashion has arisen for wearing a couple of quills thrust through the hair, as shown here.

muslins, in white, with the tiniest of flower wreaths scattered over them—a wreath composed, perhaps, of six wax blossoms. Or an odd Oriental figure will be embroidered in two colours, the designs



tiltates with diamond embroideries. It is one of a group of gowns and wraps made for her troussau by the great Laferrière, of Paris, and is arranged with a skirt that opens over a tablier of mousseline de soie encrusted with motifs of Irish lace, picked out with cabochons of diamonds at the edges.

Corsage Trimmed with Diamonds.

The corsage, cut décolleté, is most elegantly draped with mousseline de soie, caught together beneath a large rosette, and, like the rest, mounted upon satin and copiously trimmed with diamonds; and the sleeves are little draperies caught up beneath small brass buckles.

Another very elegant robe, specially designed for a dinner dress, is made of crêpe de Chine, handsomely trimmed with point de Venise of a very beautiful pattern. This lace, in order that it may be well displayed, as befits its loveliness, is set into the crêpe de Chine in a couple of deep bands, and round the skirt and at the base of it in three flourishes, edged with a narrow bar of satin, the topmost one of which is caught down beneath sprays of roses. The corsage is entirely made of lace, which slightly pouches over the deep satin cincture that clasps the waist, and the décolletage is edged with a bordering of beautiful roses.

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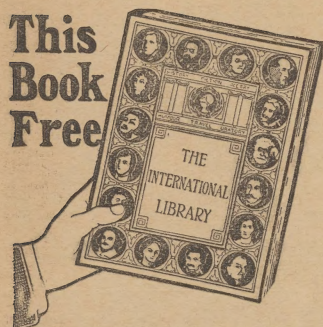
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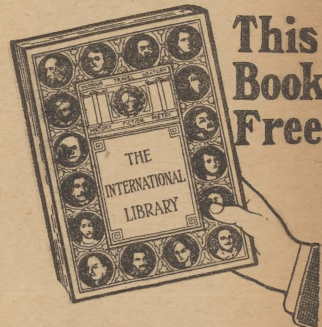
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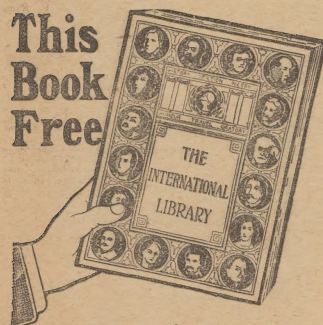
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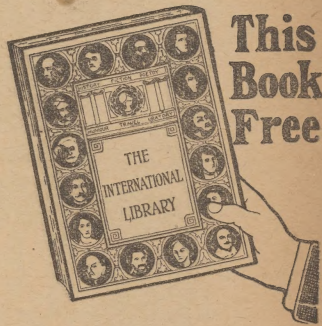
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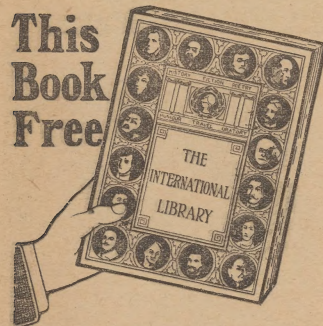
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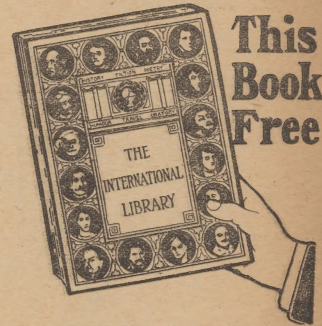
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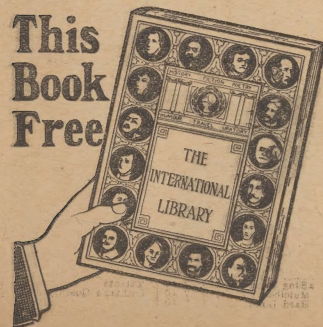
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